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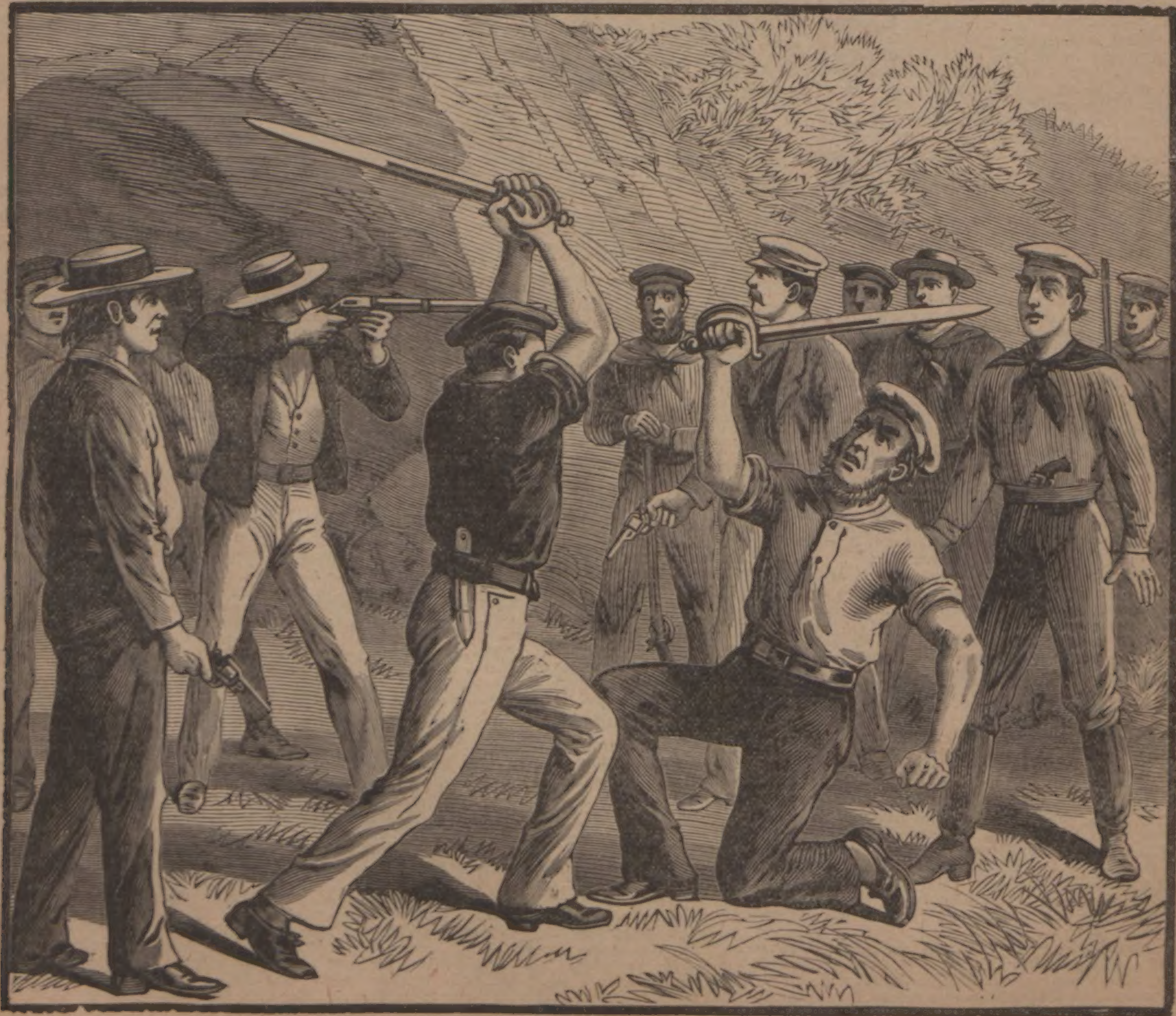
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## JACK HARKAWAY'S ESCAPE.



At length, Ben, by a lucky stroke, brought Sam Parsons on one knee, having cut through the tendons of his leg. "Good again, Ben! Cut him down!" cried Jack. Ben Blunt was excited, and, encouraged by the cries of his party, rushed forward, raised his weapon with both hands, and brought it down on the defenseless head of his enemy.



## JACK HARKAWAY'S ESCAPE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE NIGHT ATTACK.

"So," continued Hunston, "the Limbian fleet is off our shore?"

"That can't be very pleasing intelligence to you," replied Jack, who began to recover himself.

"We have a traitor in camp, it appears, and it is lucky for her she is a woman whom I love, or she should share your fate."

"Emily, do you mean?"

"Yes; your correspondent. It was a clever idea to write you a letter and fasten it to a stone. But you forgot the old saying that 'Walls have ears.'"

"I forgot that you were such a cad you wouldn't mind listening," answered Jack.

"You'll forget more than that soon, for I mean to order you out for instant execution—instant death, you and your black friend here; do you understand that?"

"I've one comfort," replied Jack, "and that is, I'm not afraid to die. Don't you wish you could say the same thing?"

"Never mind. I meant to have you tortured, but there isn't time for that. It will be torture enough to know that Emily is in my power."

Jack fretted inwardly, but outwardly he remained calm.

"Heaven will protect her!" he said.

"Will it?" answered Hunston. "Why doesn't it interfere for you?"

"Perhaps it may. I'm not dead yet; and while I have life there is hope, you know, old boy," Jack said, cheerily.

"Not much hope for you. I could pistol you where you stand. I don't know why I shouldn't do it, and make sure of you. I wouldn't lose you for ten years of my life. Perhaps you are reckoning on your friends?"

Jack made no answer.

He had a faint hope that Mr. Mole might come up in time to save him.

Hunston saw this gleam of hope in his eyes.

"If they were at this door now, I'd shoot you through the head," he said.

"You're quite capable of it," was Jack's cool answer.

Suddenly there arose a great shouting outside.

Jack's heart leaped in his bosom.

A loud, clear voice was heard exclaiming: "Fire away, my lads. No quarter. Give it them hot and strong."

Hunston turned pale.

"Harvey's voice, by jingo!" cried Jack. "I must have a cut in."

He dashed his fist into Hunston's face, just being able to see him in the moonlight that streamed in through the open door.

Hunston stepped back, and the blow grazed his temple.

"Curse you," he cried; "I'll have one life, at least."

Raising his pistol—the one he had taken from Harvey, he fired it point blank at Jack. Our hero's days were nearly numbered.

Monday, however, saw the action, and quick as thought, jerked Hunston's arm so that the ball went through the roof, and the pistol fell from his hand.

"Touch and go," said Jack, calmly.

Hunston turned and dashed through the open door, seeing that all was lost.

"After him, Monday," said Jack; "he's gone to Emily. Now's our time; we must save her."

But Hunston was too quick for him.

The ground outside was filled with frightened Pisangs.

They lost sight of him in the crowd, which was panic-stricken.

A dropping musketry fire continued at intervals, and Pisangs fell on every side.

At last they began to run.

Men, women and children, helter-skelter, sought the shelter of the woods.

Dreadful cries arose on all sides.

It was more than a rout, for it became a massacre.

Jack ran he knew not whither, seeking for Emily, and found her not.

No one took any notice of him, for all were intent upon securing their own safety.

At length Monday rested under a tree upon the outskirts of what had once been the thriving town of Palenbang.

He heard groans, and was at a loss to know where the sounds came from.

Looking up, he saw a man perched on one of the lower branches of a tree.

"You come down out of that!" exclaimed Monday, in his own language.

"Ah! my good Pisang," replied the trembling voice of Mr. Mole, "I mean you no harm. I was forced to take part in this expedition, much against my will."

Monday laughed quietly to himself, and determined to have some fun.

"I am a Pisang chief," he said, "and I want the head of the Tuan Biza of the pale faces."

"What a bother, I left my gun on the ground," Mr. Mole muttered. "That infernal arrow frightened me so when it grazed the calf of my leg, as I was leading the brave fellows to the battle, that I sought the friendly shelter of the first tree in a scamper."

"Will the white chief come down," continued Monday, "or must the Pisang warrior shoot him like a bird?"

"Don't shoot, my good Pisang; for Heaven's sake, don't shoot," said Mr. Mole, in a terrified tone.

"Come down, then."

"I would do so if I could, but I fear I cannot. How on earth I contrived to get up here is a mystery to me."

"The white chief is a coward, and he must die," said Monday. "All the Limbians are conquered, and our young men are crying loudly for heads."

"What a fool I was to come here," said Mr. Mole to himself. "I wish I'd stayed with Ambonia and Alfura. This is out of the frying-pan into the fire. Dear me. I think I should have remained with the boats, if that impetuous boy Harvey had not suddenly joined us, and insisted upon my marching with him."

Taking up a stone, Monday threw it near Mr. Mole, causing a rustling among the leaves, and a sharp hiss through the air.

"Is that an arrow?" cried Mr. Mole, in abject terror. "I say, you Pisang fellow, don't do that. I'll come down, at least I'll try. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! why did my uncle die and leave me a tea-garden in China?"

"Make haste! the Pisang chief wants the white chief's head."

"Won't anything else content you?" replied Mr. Mole; "my head isn't worth much, and I'm getting dreadfully bald. Oh! why did I leave England? Deuce take these beastly boughs! I can't get down."

Monday threw up another stone, and hit Mr. Mole on the leg.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Mole; "I knew he'd do it. I'm wounded. The arrow's gone right through my leg. I can feel the pain up to my knee already."

In his fright he let go his hold, and tumbled rather ungracefully to the ground.

"I'll sham dead," he thought, "and then the bloodthirsty savage may let me alone."

Monday grinned, and altering his voice, as he spoke English, said:

"Mist' Mole not know um poor Monday."

The effect was magical upon Mr. Mole when he heard this speech.

His former terror vanished, and with his countenance radiant with delight, he said:

"You rascally black thief, if I wasn't so pleased I should be tempted to kick you."

"Take care, sare. Pisang have um head."

"You mustn't play those tricks with me. However, I forgive you."

"You have a snug place up there, sare," said Monday, pointing to the tree.

"Ah! I crept up there to rest. See how I have been fighting. Seventeen Pisangs fell by my hand alone."

Monday looked as if he didn't believe it.

"You and I have been good friends, Monday," said Mr. Mole; "and you must promise me one thing. That is, not to say anything about finding me up that tree."

"Not tell Mast' Jack, sare—not tell Mast' Harvey?"

"Precisely. They have an unfortunate habit of making fun of people which they call chaffing. I detest and abominate the practice; and what I want to impress upon your uncultivated mind is that my courage is up to the average—I may say beyond it."

"Monday keep um secret."

"That's right. Mum's the word, and you and I will be fast friends. I still hear the sounds of firing and the shrieks of the dying. Is it safe to venture far away?"

"Monday have a lark with you, sare," re-

plied the black. "Fighting nearly all over. Pisangs all beat; they fly 'way or beat."

"And Harkaway? I trust he is safe and will thank me for the generous effort I have made to effect his liberation."

"Not know exactly, sare," replied Monday. "Mast' Jack he gone somewhere after Miss Em'ly."

"Ah! I have heard that he is much attached in that quarter. There's my gun; take it up, and mind, it is loaded. Walk in front; you shall have the post of honor. I will follow close behind you," exclaimed Mr. Mole.

"We will go and find Mast' Jack, eh, sare?" replied Monday.

"We will endeavor to do so, I long to shake him by the hand, and receive his thanks; for I assure you, Monday, that I have risen in my own estimation by the prodigies of valor I have performed during this night's work; twenty-seven Pisangs did I kill."

"You say seventeen just now, sare?"

"Nonsense. I am like an old war-horse," cried Mr. Mole, after applying himself to the contents of a pocket-flask; I smell the battle afar off."

"You great fighting man, sare?"

"Rather, my young friend. I don't know how I did it, but my spirit carries me on. Seven-and-thirty Pisangs did I slay with my own hand."

"That ten more," muttered Monday.

"I laid about me with an old ship's cutlass, and the warriors fell before my prowess like leaves in autumn. Forty-seven Pisangs dead by my—"

Monday burst out laughing; he could not stand Mr. Mole's exaggeration any longer.

"Irreverent negro; I'll talk no more to you."

"Come on, sare. This way. Quick, march!" cried Monday, with military precision.

They walked cautiously toward the town, near which sounds of the battle were dying away; though in the distance there was a noise as of furious pursuit.

The Limbian warriors were exacting a terrible account from their old enemies, the Pisangs.

## CHAPTER II.

## DEATH OF THE KING.

THE morning broke serene and cloudless, as it almost always did in those regions.

On the part of the Limbians the loss was slight, for their guns had given them a great advantage over the surprised and terror-stricken enemy.

Harkaway had joined the pursuing party, but he could not contrive to find any trace of Hunston.

Nor was he more fortunate in regard to Emily.

Both of them had disappeared.

In the morning he returned, jaded and weary, to find Harvey, Mr. Mole and Monday, preparing breakfast.

The Limbians were assembled in little parties, and all did their own foraging.

Great was the rejoicing of the friends at being together safe and sound.

"I owe my life," said Jack, "to you, Dick, and our faithful Monday."

"And me," continued Mr. Mole. "May I not claim some share in the good work?"

"Of course," answered Jack. "We haven't forgotten you, sir, and you shall have a medal or statue, whichever takes your fancy most."

"I think I should prefer a medal," replied Mr. Mole, after a moment's reflection.

"What shall we put on it, sir?" asked Harvey.

"Let me see. Two natives fighting and trying to kill a white man—myself."

"Up a tree, sare," put in Monday, with a grin.

Mr. Mole gave him a warning look.

"Behind one, if you like, firing at them, and underneath the words, 'In token of bravery and devotion,' while on the reverse you may put my portrait, and write, 'Isaac Mole, a tried friend and a fierce soldier.'"

"It shall be done, sir," replied Jack, who could scarcely refrain from laughing.

Taking Harvey on one side, Jack informed him of his vain search for Emily.

"I too have looked for her," replied Harvey. "You know when I left you, I ran to the coast, and found the Limbians under Mole and the king landing."

"Yea."

"They were glad to see me, and I hurried them up, because you were in danger."



When we reached Palembang, I did all I could to discover you and Emily," continued Harvey.

"Hunston's got a hiding-place somewhere," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"We'll unearth the fox."

"I fully intend to do so, but the task will be difficult. These islands abound with rocks, mountains, and caverns, to which the natives have taken themselves."

"So Monday's been telling me," replied Harvey.

"I mean to stop here, Dick, till I've found her," continued Jack.

"You won't get the Limbians to stay, I'm thinking."

"Never mind them. They've done their work, and they've beaten the enemy. So it is only natural that they should want to get back to their homes, and celebrate their rites and customs."

"I told them we'd have no head-hunting or eating captives," said Harvey.

"What did they say?"

"The king did not like it; but he gave orders that no prisoners were to be taken, so that has made the battle more bloody."

"I expect there are an awful lot of the poor Pisang beggars killed?"

"Awful! Over a hundred, I expect," replied Harvey.

"They won't get over this wholopping in a hurry," Jack said. "And now I'll tell you what we'll do. The Limbians may go home."

"Yes."

"We'll go and look out for a cave near the coast, so as to have an open front, to prevent a surprise, if the disorganized band of Pisangs should try to have another go-in."

"And you and I, with Mr. Mole and Monday, form the garrison. I see," replied Harvey.

"Exactly. That's the ticket to a T," Jack answered.

"I've got stores in my boat; and Mole brought over a lot of grub, and powder, and things," continued Harvey.

"We shan't hurt. And now let's have some breakfast."

Mr. Mole's voice was heard exclaiming:

"Now, then, Harkaway, and you, Harvey, come and join me in a cup of tea. Who says bacon, and who'll have parrot?"

"I'll leave the cockatoo to you, sir, and go in for a slice of pig," replied Jack.

Monday handed some tea to his young masters, but in doing so stumbled, and let the calabash fall.

"Hold up!" cried Jack. "You're as awkward as a Newfun-land pup; not half so clever, and twice as ugly."

Monday apologized, and the breakfast proceeded.

Presently an old chief named Madura came up, and beckoned to Jack, who went out to meet him.

"Anything happened?" asked Jack, in the native language.

"Bad news for Matabella," replied Madura.

"Indeed!"

"During the battle, King Lanindyer received a wound, from which he has just died."

"Monday's father dead?" cried Jack. "By jove, I'm sorry for that."

The old chief had wished to break the news gently to Monday, but Jack's loud exclamation reached his ears, and instantly stopping eating, he ran away to the camp.

Madura and Jack followed him.

They found him kneeling by the side of the dead body, which he kissed repeatedly, uttering wild lamentations the while.

The king had fallen, fighting bravely, pierced through the heart by an arrow.

All the Limbians were profoundly grieved, and they talked together in whispers.

The ruined city was close by.

Great numbers of dead bodies lay on all sides, as yet unburied.

The distant mountains, in which the defeated Pisangs had taken refuge, were lying in a blue cloud on the western horizon.

A dizzy light played over the surface of the land.

The sun looked like a shield of red-hot iron, and the hot earth scorched the feet.

Madura took Monday by the arm, and led him away, saying:

"You are called to the throne of your fathers, but though your destiny is high, remember that he who gazeth on the sky may stumble on the earth."

"Oh, my father!" replied Monday. "Why are you taken away from me?"

"Recollect," said Jack, "that you have plenty of friends, and you are now king."

"No, no!" cried Monday. "I will not be the Tuan Biza of my people. I will remain with you. Monday will die if he be not with you."

Touched by the poor fellow's devotion, which was expressed by a piteous look, Jack replied:

"I like to have you with me; but who is to reign over Limbi?"

"My Uncle Selim. Oh, Madura, make Selim your king. He is a great chief. Let him reign."

"He who can neither save himself nor hunt his enemies?" replied Madura. "What is he but a broken spear, and a blunted sword?"

"Never mind," said Monday. "The man who has health, strength and courage, has three parts that will not turn white in the fire."

"Stay with your people and rule over them, oh, Matabella!" said Madura, sternly. "What are the white men, that they should rob us of our king?"

Has it not been said that the unpurposed man makes his meal of the clouds?"

"I will not leave my friends, the white men, answered Monday, determinedly. "Call upon Selim, oh, Madura, he will make a wise and good king."

"Young man," replied Madura, angry at being baffled, "for six things is a fool known: wrath without cause, change without reason, inquiries without object, putting trust in strangers, and wanting the power to know a friend from a foe; and let me add, that long experience maketh large wit."

"I'm very sorry for you, Monday," said Jack; "very much so indeed. It is a great blow, and I thank you for wishing to stay with us. Think the matter over. Listen to this old swell."

"Monday go with you, Mast' Jack. Go anywhere—to end of the world."

"Don't be in a hurry to decide. I'll leave you to fight it out with your chief; and if you want my advice, give me a hail."

He walked away, and Harvey, with Mr. Mole, asked him what had happened.

"Monday's governor has burst up," exclaimed Jack.

"Done what?" said Mr. Mole, looking puzzled.

"Bust up. Croaked. Got knocked on the head in the scrimmage last night."

"Bust is not English, at least not grammatical English," said Mr. Mole, "and I did not understand you; though now I take your meaning. Is the young savage much affected?"

"Frightfully cut up," said Jack.

"Dear me! It is a bad job; but one savage the less is no loss to civilization. Finish your breakfast."

"I can't eat," said Jack. "I haven't had a wink all night. I'm more tired than an elephant at noon. So if one of you will kindly fan away the beastly flies, I'll seek the arms of—who was that ancient swell whom they call the god of sleep?"

"I was never the cheese at classics," answered Harvey.

"You mean Morpheus," said Mr. Mole, "who, with Somnus—"

"Thank you, sir. Won't it keep till I wake up?" said Jack. "I know it was Morpheus, or one of the family."

Jack found a retired spot, and was soon asleep. Harvey followed his example, and Mr. Mole, applying himself to his flask, said:

"What a wrong-headed creature is a boy. They waste their opportunities when young, and as they grow up they have neither time nor inclination to learn."

### CHAPTER III.

BEN BLUNT, THE BO'SUN.

Monday's Uncle Selim was very glad of the chance of becoming king of Limbi.

Being a wise and good chief, he was not unacceptable to, or unpopular with, the leaders of the little nation.

Still Madura was not willing that Monday should lose his right of succeeding to the throne.

A council was held.

It was decided that Monday should be able to assume the kingship whenever he liked, and that Selim should only reign in his absence.

"Oh, my son," said Madura, "never give up that which is within your grasp. The pearls in their beds are as thick as stars, but wishing never brought up one of them from the bottom of the sea!"

"Selim will make a better king than I should," replied Monday. "Matabella is young, but Selim has the wisdom of age."

"The wise men have said," answered Madura, "that the deer is swift on the plains, but a child leads him in the streets. You are young, and you must learn, and I would teach you, for the proverb is true which says: 'The lamp may be made of diamonds, but it dies without oil.'"

Monday was glad when it was all settled, and Selim made king.

He could go away then, and mourn over his dead father, whom he loved dearly.

Selim at once assumed the position which the unanimous vote of the council gave him.

He decided that the Limbians should return immediately in their boats, and bury the late king with all the pomp usual on such occasions.

Monday said he would not leave his father's body till it was in the grave.

Therefore he returned with his followers.

"Good-bye, Monday," said Jack, when he heard what had been arranged. "I hope we shall see you again soon; but don't stand in your own light."

"Monday live and die with you, Mast' Jack," he replied. "If you live in Limbi with me, then I be king; if you go I go."

"Then we shall see you soon after the funeral?"

"I come back in boat."

"All right. I won't say how grieved I am at your heavy loss, Monday. You know what I feel," cried Jack.

He squeezed Monday's hand as he spoke, and the black returned the affectionate pressure.

"Give us your fist, Mon," cried Harvey; "and here's fortune to you in a cup of cold tea—that is to say, half a cocoanutful."

Mr. Mole sidled up to Monday as he was going away.

"Monday, will you do me a favor?" he said.

"What that, Mist. Mole?" asked Monday.

"Tell my wives I'm dead, will you?"

"Dead!"

"Killed in battle. Dead and buried."

In spite of his engrossing sorrow, Monday could not help grinning faintly.

"What! Tell um lie, sare! No; Monday never tell um lie," he answered.

"It won't hurt either Ambonia or Alfura; they'll marry again. Think of it, my good friend," urged Mr. Mole.

"No, sare! Monday have um conscience, and he not let um tell lie?" he answered.

"Deuce take the beast," said Mr. Mole, as Monday walked away. "I suppose I shall have those beauties coming over here to take me home in a boat. A nice look-out that would be. Heigho!"

"What's that, sir?" asked Harvey who had overheard the conversation.

"Oblige me by minding your own business, Harvey," said Mr. Mole.

"Didn't I hear you mention the names of Alfura and Ambonia, sir?"

"If I did, what then?"

"Nothing, sir. I thought you'd fret. What is it Moore says—"

"I never loved a sweet gazelle,  
To glad me with its sweet blue eye,  
Than when it grew to be a swell,  
It always used to make me shy;"

and married a market gardener"—

"How shamefully you misquote," cried Mr. Mole, indignantly. "Moore is my favorite author, and you murder him."

"Very sorry, I'm sure, sir."



Jack called Harvey away to take a walk with him in the country.

They were well armed, and intended to look for a cave where they could locate themselves while they remained on the island.

They went to the sea-shore, and soon found what they wanted.

All their stores were removed to this harbor of refuge, and they returned for Mr. Mole.

"The Limbians have gone, my dear Harkaway," cried Mr. Mole; "and you left me alone here at the mercy of the enemy, as I may say."

"You've got your gun, sir. Besides your reputation is so great, that no one would think of attacking you," replied Jack.

"Is it, indeed? Do you think that those benighted savages have heard of me?"

"I'm sure of it."

"What are we going to do?" continued Mr. Mole.

"Dwell in a cave, sir. Harvey and I have pitched upon a stunning place. Nice and dry—no snakes; not too big; close to the sea—and we have put our stores out of the boat there."

"This is fool-hardy, Harkaway," said Mr. Mole, gravely. "But you shall not say I deserted you. I will cast in my lot with you."

"What's wrong now, sir?"

"You are stopping here to rescue a chit of a girl, who would make Hunston as good a wife as he would you."

Jack ground his teeth.

"Don't excite me, sir," he said.

"Bless me! How like a Pisang you look," cried Mr. Mole. "I didn't know you were so deeply smitten."

"Jack's very hard hit, sir," said Harvey. "You don't know how spooney he is."

"I wish he had enjoyed my brief experience of matrimony that's all," replied Mr. Mole.

"Emily is not Ambonia or Alfura either," put in Jack. "And letting temper alone—though I'm sure she's the sweetest-tempered darling in the world—wouldn't it be cowardly to leave her in that scoundrel Hunston's power, as long as we can lift a finger to get her out of it?"

"So it would, Harkaway," answered Mr. Mole. "You appeal to my feelings, as an Englishman there. I feel them gushing and bubbling up from the fountain of my heart. You have touched a mine of sentiment in my breast, and you shall have my support."

"Thank you for nothing," said Jack, who was getting angry.

Mr. Mole thought it prudent not to hear this remark.

The guns were presently shouldered, and they marched to their new home.

When they reached it, they found it very comfortable.

Leaves and grass made good beds, and they had such provisions as they stood in need of.

A watch was set, it being arranged that two should sleep, while one watched.

Harvey and Mr. Mole entered the cavern, while Jack, who was always foremost when there was anything to be done, remained outside.

An oil-lamp, such as we have previously described was lighted.

Mr. Mole had his cocoa nut shell and his whisky bottle.

He ate some dry bread, made of thoroughly-beaten unleavened maize flour, and began to imbibe.

"Now," said he, "this is what I call jolly. A sensible man ought to live in the present hour. What is ambition to me? I am happy now. Why should I disquiet myself about the future?"

"I wish you wouldn't disquiet me, sir. I want to go to sleep," said Harvey.

"Laziness—sheer laziness," answered Mr. Mole. "I had some hope of you boys at Pomona House, but— This whisky is not bad; it has a grateful flavor."

Harvey closed his eyes, and let Mr. Mole have all the talking to himself.

He was ill and feverish.

The punishment Hunston had subjected him to, and the following excitement of attacking the Pisangs, had fatigued him dreadfully.

Mr. Mole filled his half cocoa nut again, and emptied it.

"If I crook my elbow a little too much it is excusable, under the circumstances. I have no respectability here to keep up, and I want to forget. I will seek oblivion in the flowing bowl. Let the landlord fill the bowl, until it does run over; for to-night I mean to be merry, and to-morrow I hope I shan't have a headache."

While Mr. Mole was amusing himself in his own peculiar fashion inside the cave, Jack was keeping a sharp look-out.

It was within an hour of sunset—a time when the dying away of nature in the tropics—if one may use the phrase—is most apt to attack and dull the senses.

His eyes almost closed.

He leaned against the entrance to the cave, and felt dreamy.

Suddenly a loud voice exclaimed:

"What cheer, my hearty?"

Jack started as if he had been shot.

A British voice!

A British sailor's voice in that lone island!

That such a thing could happen, at such a time, in such a place, he scarcely thought possible.

"Who goes there?" he cried.

"Who goes there?" repeated the voice. "Why, who do you suppose, but Ben Blunt the bo'sun?"

Jack looked up and saw a stranger before him. But as he was unarmed, apparently, he did not feel alarmed.

The stranger was dressed like a sailor, and had a bluff, hearty, good-humored face.

Was he friend or foe?

That was the question.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MUTINEERS.

THE new-comer was unarmed, and did not seem to be in the least dangerous.

But Jack proceeded to act cautiously.

Raising his gun, he said:

"Don't come any nearer until you have given an account of yourself."

"Right you are, cap'n," replied Ben Blunt. "I'm no sea lawyer, and shan't spin you any yarns."

"What's your ship?"

"Haven't got one, though this time yesterday I was first mate of as good a ship as ever sailed the sea."

"I thought you said just now that you was a boatswain?" exclaimed Jack, suspiciously.

"Look 'ee here, my hearty, that's right enough. You see I was bo'sun on board the 'Rattlesnake' when I was in the R. N.; but I've left the navy and gone into the merchant service. I'm mate. Forge ahead. What are your next soundings?"

"Why have you left your vessel? Wrecked, eh?"

"No, I'm not wrecked, either. It's this way," replied Ben Blunt, hitching up his trousers, and rolling his quid over in his mouth; "I shipped aboard the 'Sea-horse,' from London to Shanghai, and we were on the return voyage, when Sam Parsons—may the old un keel-haul him!—turned mutineer."

"A mutiny, eh?" exclaimed Jack, beginning to understand.

"May I never eat salt junk again, if I'm telling you a word of a lie, cap'n!"

"Go on!"

Jack was much interested in the recital.

"Well, you see, sir, they killed the skipper and all the officers, bar me. I was a bit of a favorite with the lads, you see, and they didn't make me go to Davy Jones. But when that mutinous dog, Sam Parsons, who's what we should call in the navy an A. B., asked me to join 'em, 'No,' says I; 'I'll see you jolly well hanged first, my hearty, and then I won't.'"

"Case of 'not to-day baker,'" remarked Jack, smiling.

"It was so, sir. 'Not to-day, baker; call to-morrow with a crusty cottage,'" answered Ben Blunt.

"You were quite right," said Jack; and your experience of discipline in the navy did you good service."

"Well, look 'ee here, cap'n," continued Ben, "I'm Blunt by name and blunt by nature. You may drowse my daylights but I'll stand true to my flag. So they talked among themselves, and then they shoved me into a boat and landed me on this here island."

"How long ago?"

"A matter of may be two or three hours, and I've been boxing the compass, as ye may say, an' taking an observation as to how to steer my course."

"The mutineers are in command of the ship, I suppose?" said Jack.

"Devil a doubt about that, cap'n! They've got her, and a beauty she is. Look! there she rides at anchor round that point."

Jack looked in the direction indicated, and saw a vessel, dimly visible, of about eight hundred tons register.

This was the "Sea-horse."

"I didn't think to meet an European, let alone a countryman, on this outlandish bit o' ground," said Ben. "And now, sir, you've overhauled me, are my papers correct?"

"Quite. I'm satisfied, Ben; and I feel as if I'd known you for a score of years already," answered Jack.

His confidence was fully established in the man, who spoke with a genuineness that carried conviction with it.

"Thank you kindly, sir; and now, if so be as I may ask, how did you come to drop anchor in these parts?"

Jack told him how he had been wrecked with his friends; how the Pisangs had been defeated; and how he was stopping to rescue a beautiful young lady, a captive in the hands of Hunston, formerly a friend, and now an enemy.

"This Hunston's gone mutinous," remarked Ben Blunt. "String him up to the yard-arm, cap'n."

"I've got to catch him first," said Jack, "but what will your men with Sam Parsons do?"

"They daren't go back into our waters. They'll have to potter about those coasts," said Ben.

"I wish we could help you to get back to the 'Sea-horse,' she'd take us all back to England," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"And that's a true saying," answered Ben. "What I'm thinking is, cap'n, that if you let me sail along of you, I'll sign articles, and go ahead this minute."

"You want to join us?"

"Heart and soul, sir. We'll get back the beautiful young lady of whom you was a speaking. We'll hang our mutineers, or take 'em in irons to the first port where there is a British Consul, and we'll sail her back to old England."

"A stunning idea. But there is a lot to be done first," answered Jack. "However, I gladly accept your offer of friendship, Ben. You shall be one of us."

"That's done me more good than I expected, when the muzzle of your gun brought me up all standing just now. Thank you kindly, cap'n. I'm true blue, and you wouldn't find a dog more faithful than Ben Blunt to those he takes to."

"We've got some more stores inside the cave. Will you eat something?"

"I could stow away a chunk of beef and bread, cap'n, for my belly cries cupboard. But I say, sir."

"What?"

"Let's give one cheer for old England. I'm so happy, I'm fit to bust, and all along of meeting you. Just now I thought I should die of starvation, or snakes, or tigers, or niggers, or some of the varmint that grows here, and now I'm up to the mast-head again. Just a little 'un for old England, sir."

"I'm with you," cried Jack. "Go it, my old sea-horse. Hurrah for Old England! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Ben Blunt joined in, and their ringing cheers woke up the echoes in the island.

They did more.

They woke up Mr. Mole, who came out of the cave in a bad temper, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"What is the meaning of this unseemly riot,



Harkaway?" said Mr. Mole. "It's hard I cannot enjoy my natural rest. And who is this stranger?"

"Ben Blunt the bo'sun, sir, at your honor's service," replied that individual.

"I'm in a fog. Explain the mystery to me, Harkaway."

Jack did so.

"You see, sir," added Ben, "I cut down the top hamper, and took in all sail under stress of weather; but I'm drifted into port after all."

"And we're going to recapture the ship, and hang the mutineers, sir," said Jack. "That's why we're cheering."

"Mind you are not cackling over an addled egg, my young friend," said Mr. Mole. "However, I'm glad to see our new friend Ben, and cheerfully hold out the hand of welcome."

"The more the merrier, sir."

"And now I'll turn in again," said Mr. Mole, sleepily.

"Going to bye-bye again, sir? Don't do that. We're going to have a can of grog to celebrate Ben's arrival. Come and join us; don't be a hen, sir."

"A hen, Harkaway?"

"Yes, sir; be a cock for once."

"Grog is not to be lightly refused. You have put a different complexion on the case, and I will condescend to join you," replied Mr. Mole. "Arouse that lazy slumberer, Harvey, with a poke in the ribs."

Going into the cave which somewhat resembled the abode of the robbers in "Gil Blas," Jack woke up Harvey.

"Turn out, Dick," he cried.

"What for?" asked Harvey.

"There's a gentleman from England come to see you."

"Go on," Harvey exclaimed, "you're having larks."

"I'm not," answered Jack. "You go outside and see."

Harvey did so, and was at once introduced to Mr. Benjamin Blunt, otherwise Ben Blunt the bo'sun.

He was much astonished at hearing his story, but, like Mr. Mole and Jack, delighted to have such an addition to their little party.

"Axing your pardon, sir," said Ben, pointing into the cave, "are there any more to come out?"

"No; that's the lot."

"Then I'll take this morsel of vituals we was speaking of; that is, by your leave, cap'n," said Ben.

A dinner was hastily provided, and the cup that cheers passed round.

Ben became a favorite in less than no time.

He took his turn in watching, and went out to scour the country with Jack, to find some trace of Hunston, but in vain.

Days passed, and Jack grew sick at heart with his want of success.

They met isolated bands of Pisangs occasionally, but the poor fellows ran away like hunted hares.

Their city was burnt, the flower of their warriors killed, and they were no longer a great nation.

A week had elapsed, during which Jack's exertions on behalf of Emily had been unremitting.

"I'd give my life to save her," he kept on saying to himself.

One morning Ben the bo'sun was on the lookout.

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Sail on the larboard bow, sir."

Jack was dozing under a tree and thinking of Emily.

"Where away?" he asked, springing up.

Ben Blunt pointed it out, and Jack saw a small boat approaching.

Taking up a telescope, he distinctly made out one man in her.

As she got nearer he recognized Monday in her.

"It's our native, whom we call Monday," said he, by the way of explanation. "The faithful fellow has kept his word, and is coming back."

In less than an hour, guided by a signal flag, Monday made the island, and was shaking hands in true British fashion with his young master.

"Well, Monday, what's the news?" asked Jack. "Who that man?" inquired Monday, pointing to Ben.

Jack told him all about the new arrival, but Monday did not seem to take inwardly to him.

"You asked what news, sare," he continued. "Nothing much to tell. The funeral over and now all Limbi very gay celebrating victory. It all one big drink and war-dance. You found Miss Em'ly?"

"No; I wish I had."

"Some one come for Mr. Mole soon" exclaimed Monday.

"What! his wives are coming?"

"That it, sare. Alfura and Ambonia tell me they sail over."

"We can't have them here. There is no room for a parcel of women. He'll have to look out for a cave of his own."

"Mist' Mole not like that much, sare," replied Monday, adding, "Oh, sare, here he is. He heard all we say."

Mr. Mole had indeed come out of the cave, and was looking the picture of despair.

"Harkaway," he said, in a sepulchral voice, "is this true?"

"What, sir?"

"About my—ahem! my wives coming over here!"

"Monday says so, sir."

Mr. Mole made a rush towards the sea, and Jack becoming alarmed, ran after him.

"What are you going to do, sir?" he cried, as he held him back.

"Let me go!" replied Mr. Mole. "I will commit suicide. Let me go, I say! The awful prospect of Ambonia's presence is more than I can bear."

"Don't be silly, sir," Jack replied. "If they do come, we'll protect you. But perhaps we shall be gone away before that time."

Mr. Mole stepped on to dry land again, and heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"You have put new life into me, my young friend," he replied. "I will live. Oh, that I had wings of a bird. I'd like to be a bird, Harkaway."

"Have a drink, sir, and pull yourself together. We can't spare you."

"What's that the gentleman says?" asked Ben Blunt.

"He's afraid his wives are coming to fetch him, Ben," replied Jack.

"There's only one enemy, sir, a sailor knocks under to, and that's a woman. He's not a true sailor, if he doesn't strike his flag to a petticoat," replied Ben, with a laugh.

"My good, amiable and worthy tar," replied Mr. Mole, "oblige me by not indulging your meriment at my expense. My domestic troubles are my own."

"Belay, sir! I'll put a stopper on my tongue, though there was no offense meant," answered Ben.

Mr. Mole retired into the cave, and was not seen again all day, though when Jack looked for him at night, he found him lying on his back snoring hard, with an empty bottle on each side.

When he was gone, Ben Blunt said:

"May I make bold to ask how many wives the gentleman has got, sir?"

"Only two," replied Jack.

"Oh, that's one for week-days and an extra partner for Sundays; still, the ship's not short handed with two. I've got one at home, and stop my grog if she isn't one too many sometimes!"

Old Ben laughed heartily, and Jack, taking Monday with him, went out as usual to search for Emily.

They had not gone far before they saw a Pisang asleep under a bush.

"Look, sare, look!" he cried.

"Don't kill him, Monday; catch him alive," Jack replied, hastily. "Creep up slowly. He may give us some valuable information."

Monday glided up through the long grass to where the sleeping Pisang lay.

The latter was unsuspecting of the presence of an enemy.

Jack looked on with his rifle at full cock, to be ready for any emergency.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE BIRD HAS FLOWN.

"Hold him tight, Monday," cried Jack.

This advice was not altogether unnecessary, for as soon as Monday fell upon the sleeping Pisang he awoke, and began to writhe and wriggle like an eel.

"You come help, sare," exclaimed Monday, out of breath. "How um beast kick."

"He's as slippery as an eel," said Jack, coming up; "but we'll fix him. Sobo! gently there. No kicking over the traces, my boy, or I shall have to take the curb up a hole or two."

In a few minutes the Pisang was sitting on the ground, with his hands tied behind him with a piece of ratan.

His face evinced the utmost astonishment, mixed with fear.

That he was doomed to lose his life in some cruel manner, he did not doubt for a single moment.

"I'm going to ask you some questions," said Jack.

The Pisang stared sullenly at him.

"If you answer truthfully I will spare your life, if you trifle with me, you'll have an ounce of lead showing the daylight the way into your ugly carcass. Will you speak the truth?"

"Ya, ya, tuan," answered the captive, his eyes brightening.

This was equivalent to "Yes, yes, chief," and it was clear that if he had any information to give he would not withhold it.

"You know the Tuan Biza whom you call Hunstani. Where is he now?"

"On the island still."

"Do you mean that he intends to go away?"

"Ya, all go soon," replied the captive. "Several chiefs, with women and children, have gone already. We are not going to remain in Pisang since you have burned the city and killed our best warriors."

"Where are you going to?" asked Jack.

"Long, long way; to the city of Golden Towers," answered the man.

Jack inquired where that was, but the fellow could not tell him.

All he knew was that it was a long way off, and that it was reached in boats which sailed across the sea.

"Have you seen a white woman who was wrecked on your coast?" continued Jack.

His voice trembled a little as he put this question, because it would let him know something about Emily's movements, if faithfully answered.

"Ya, Tuan."

"Is she with Hunstani?"

"No," the Pisang answered; "she has gone away with the others to the city of the Golden Towers."

Something like a groan broke from Jack.

"Gone," he repeated. "Hunston has outwitted me again. Just when I think I have got him into a corner, he beats me."

He paced up and down impatiently.

"Any more thing to ask him, sare?"

"No."

"Monday let um go?"

"You may as well. I promised him his life, and I have no reason to think he has been humbugging me," said Jack.

Untying the ratan, Monday gave him a friendly kick to start him.

"You go 'long," he said; "you no good, you can't fight. Go home to the old women and say you've seen your master."

The Pisang did not stay to reply, he was too glad to get away; and running with the speed of the wind, he was soon lost to sight.

Jack lay under a tree, which happened to be a palm, and fretted and fumed at the news he had just heard.

The sudden and unexpected emigration of the Pisangs was very annoying.

He had fancied that they could not get away, and that sooner or later he would discover the hiding-place where Hunston kept Emily.

Monday was thirsty, and wanted some cocoa.



nuts, so, without thinking of his young master, he began to throw sticks at the palm tree.

For a time he was unsuccessful.

Then he cut off a large ripe cluster.

Jack at that moment started up, crying:

"It's a case of no thoroughfare. The way's blocked, and I'm floored, by Jove!"

He had scarcely spoken the words, than the cluster of cocoanuts hit him on the back, which was slightly bent, after grazing his head.

The force of the blow brought him on his knees, and, looking round, he exclaimed:

"Bless your eyes, Monday, what foolishness are you up to now?"

"Monday him dry, sare, and knock down nut."

"You needn't upset my apple-cart, if you are thisty. I beg leave to observe that my head is not made of cast iron."

Monday laughed, and began to suck a cocoanut.

"Halves," continued Jack. "I think I deserve some of the milk."

When they had satisfied their thirst, they prepared to return to the cave.

"I am glad," said Jack, "I know what the Pisangs are doing though I did not expect they would leave the island. That beggar told the truth, I suppose."

"Yes, sare," answered Monday; "him speak um truth safe enough. He too much funk to tell a lie."

"Did you ever hear of the city of the Golden Towers?"

"Yes, Monday hear of him."

"Where is it?" asked Jack.

"Great way off over the sea. Go in boat."

"Who lives there?"

"Malay. All fierce, cruel Malay. They have ships, and go and take other ships, either kill all on board, or carry them home and make slave."

"You mean they are pirates."

"That it, sare," replied Monday, with a sagacious nod.

"Is the city made of gold, or is that only a tale of the natives?"

"Once a Limbi man was taken prisoner by the Malay; he escape and come back, and tell us it one fine city full of towers and palaces, all made of gold."

"It must be a fine place, though I don't believe in its being all gold. That is a stretch beyond my imagination," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"Oh! it right enough, Mast' Jack, all built of gold! Very fine, grand city," exclaimed Monday.

"Well, we shall have a chance of judging soon, for I mean to go there."

"How go there, sare?"

"You have heard Ben Blunt speak of his ship the 'Sea-horse,' which the mutineers have got possession of?"

"Yes; Monday hear him talk of um."

"I mean to have that ship."

"That jolly, Mast' Jack. Fine thing to have ship of one's own, and sail 'bout anywhere," said Monday. "But how it to be done?"

"You leave that to me; we'll work it somehow," Jack answered, confidently.

It was now noon, and the heat of the sun was so intense that they were glad to regain the cool precincts of the cave.

No one was to be seen outside, but when Jack whistled, Mr. Mole came out.

"Don't think, Harkaway, that I am neglectful of my duty," said he; "I was on the alert."

"The guard should be outside, sir!" exclaimed Jack; "there are Pisangs about."

"Have you seen any?"

"Yes, we caught one; but what were you doing in the cave?" asked Jack.

"You'll laugh at me," replied Mr. Mole; "but I fancy there is a Pisang concealed there."

"Nonsense, sir: what makes you think that?"

"You know that Harvey slung up some boards to the top of the cave, to make a sort of shelf to put things on?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued Mr. Mole, "I was sitting down under that shelf, when I heard a curious noise and rustling overhead, as if some heavy animal was moving about."

"I won't say that a Pisang wouldn't be up to

any low dodge," said Jack; "at all events we'll go and see what it is."

Monday and Jack entered the cave, which was only imperfectly lighted.

Having come out of the garish and blinding sunshine, it was some time before they could accustom their eyes to the semi-darkness of the cavern.

At length, looking up, Jack clearly saw a large mass of something overhead.

Gazing more carefully, he could distinguish yellow and black marks, like tortoise shell.

"Oh, sare," cried Monday, "what um lark! It um big snake. Oh, my! such a whopper, sare!"

"You are right, Mon. It is a snake, and as well as I make out, far and away the biggest I ever saw," said Jack.

As he continued to gaze, the indistinct mass resolved itself into a huge serpent compactly coiled up into a kind of knot.

He could detect his head and his bright eyes in the very centre of its folds.

The sound which had alarmed and puzzled Mr. Mole was now explained.

During the night the snake must have crawled into the cave, and taken up a comfortable position on Harvey's shelf.

Perhaps the cave was its regular dwelling-place and it had no idea of being turned out by the newcomers.

"What is to be done?" asked Jack.

He had tackled the python on board the vessel he came out in, but he did not care about another encounter of the same kind.

His voice aroused Harvey and Ben Blunt, who were equally alarmed.

Mr. Mole actually shook in his shoes.

"I can't stand them pesky varmint," said Ben Blunt. "Never could abide the critters."

"And I was just under him," cried Mr. Mole, with a shudder. "It's a mercy he let me alone."

"Monday have um out!"

"You!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes; me kill much big snake in our country. All you go out of the cave, and stand ready with guns and axes. Monday show how to do the trick."

Monday's instructions were obeyed, and he went to work immediately in a business-like manner.

He made a strong noose of a rope, and taking up a long pole in his disengaged hand, began to poke at the snake.

The reptile began to slowly unfold itself.

By a clever throw, he got the noose over the reptile's head, and tightened it about its body.

Then he began to drag it down.

The serpent resisted with all its might, coiling round anything it could get hold of.

Strong though Monday was, the snake gave him plenty of work to do.

First he got the advantage, then the serpent won a yard or two.

It was "pull devil, pull baker."

The boys laughed at the singular contest till the tears ran down their cheeks.

Monday jabbered away at the snake and perspired at every pore.

"You black thief," cried Monday, "come out dat, or I'll give you something. Oh, you beast: go in 'gain, will you? Come out that, I say, won't you? Then Monday have your head, you old villain."

"This is extremely comical," observed Mr. Mole, who, being at a safe distance, had recovered his presence of mind.

"Haul on the rope, lad. Never let him cast anchor!" cried Ben Blunt, who enjoyed the scene as much as anyone.

"Go it, Monday! I'll bet on Monday. Who'll take the odds?" exclaimed Jack.

"Done with you for a tenner," replied Harvey. "Just for the fun of the thing I'll lay the snake gets off through some hole or other."

"And I'll bet he don't," answered Jack.

They watched the varying contest with increased interest, and it was clear from the loudness of Monday's tone that he was losing his temper.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HUNSTON'S NEW FRIENDS.

THE snake was certainly a formidable antagonist. It was fully twelve feet long and very thick.

Such reptiles were common in these islands, and had been known to do much mischief, as they frequently swallowed a little child.

Suddenly Monday dropped the rope, and quick as lightning he caught hold of the creature's tail.

He ran out of the cave so quickly, still holding on, that the reptile seemed quite confounded, and did not know what to do.

"Look out, sare," cried Monday. "Now him come. Mist' Mole, mind um eye."

Directly he had dragged the snake out of the cave, Monday swung it round with all his strength, intending to knock its head against a tree.

Mr. Mole, however, was in the way.

The snake hit him in the head, and he fell down sprawling on the ground and howling dismally.

Monday was obliged to let go, and the reptile crept under the boat which had been drawn up near the cave.

It was difficult to say which was the most frightened, Mr. Mole or the snake.

"Poke um out, sare. Now we got him," cried Monday, who was fairly excited by this time.

Jack took up the pole which Monday had dropped and began to poke under the boat.

"There it goes! Tally ho! Stole away!" exclaimed Harvey, who saw the reptile gliding out at the other side.

Monday was after it like a shot.

He cleverly grasped its tail again, and with a quick jerk swung it round.

This time its head struck against a tree, and it fell confused and hurt to the ground.

Ben Blunt and Jack now fell upon it with hatchets, and it was quickly dispatched.

"That's the way we kill um snake, sare," said Monday, standing in triumph over the quivering body.

"Bravo! You can do it," exclaimed Jack; adding, "Where's Mr. Mole?"

This gentleman had crept under a bush, and his voice was heard faintly exclaiming:

"Is it dead? Have you killed the brute?"

"Dead as a door-nail, sir," replied Jack.

Mr. Mole came out into the open air.

"I hope you did not think I was afraid," said he. "That would be a misconception I should be very sorry for you to place on my conduct."

"If you didn't hoist the white flag in token of surrender," observed Ben Blunt, "why I never saw anything so much like it."

"Man," replied Mr. Mole, "it is unbecoming for a common seaman like you to pass judgment upon me."

"On the likes of you," said Ben, with a hearty laugh. "We're all equal in the fore-castle, mate. So tip us your flipper. There are no bones broke."

"I distinctly refuse to place myself on a footing of familiarity with you," answered Mr. Mole.

"Jack's as good as his master," remarked Ben. "But I don't want to run my ship where she's not required."

"Ben didn't mean any offence," said Jack. "It's only his way, sir."

"Then it's a very nasty, disagreeable habit, Harkaway," answered Mr. Mole. "I stopped the snake very cleverly. If it had not been for me, he might have crushed that poor black fellow to death. I don't like Mr. Blunt's jeers. I will not be mocked by him."

"Avast there, sir," said Ben. "I'll say you killed the varmint, if that will please you."

"It will not please me, because it would be untrue," Mr. Mole replied. "But I assert, and I will maintain that without me the reptile would not have come to so sudden an end."

No one contradicting this assertion, Mr. Mole looked grandly round him, and went to examine the dead monster.

During the day Jack had the snake buried, as it remaining in the sun would have created an unpleasant smell so near the cave.



Then he took Harvey on one side, and told him what he had heard respecting Emily.

"She's gone, and what am I to do?" said Jack. "I don't believe in this golden city," replied Harvey. "It is most likely a rich and luxurious place where the pirates live."

"So I think. It is a comfort to know that Emily is removed from Hunston, if only for a short time."

"Of course he means to join her as soon as possible, and imagines you will never find her."

"He is mistaken if he does," answered Jack, with his old look of determination. "I'll never rest until I have found her."

"It wouldn't be a bad dodge to capture Hunston and make him take us to her," said Harvey.

"If we could; but there is no telling where he is hiding. He's got a cave like ours, I expect; look how I've hunted for him."

"Let's have another try, shall we? Have you been round the coast?"

"No; inland chiefly."

"It's cool, now. Come for a stroll about the beach," continued Harvey. "I should think Hunston is more likely to be near the sea, so as to have access to his boats and be able to cut it, if hard pressed."

"You're right, by gum," said Jack. "I feel there is sense in what you say. Come on."

They took up their arms, saw that the caps were all right, and started on their journey.

After traveling about three or four miles, they saw a handsome ship not very far from land.

She lowered a boat, and a party of men got into her and pulled for the shore.

"I say, Dick, I'll bet a new hat that's the 'Sea-horse,'" exclaimed Jack.

"Ben Blunt's ship?"

"Yes; the one the mutineers have taken possession of, after murdering their officers."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Harvey. "But what a precious set of rascals they must be."

"This Sam Parsons, from all accounts, is a beauty. If all Ben says of him is true, he's a caution. What shall we do?"

"Perhaps," replied Jack, "they're coming on shore for water, or to have a spree. They don't expect to find white men here. Let's get as close to where they are likely to land, as we can without being seen, and fog them."

"All right. Creep along behind these bushes, they will hide us," said Harvey.

The boys made their way cautiously along, and whenever they looked up they could see that the boat was coming nearer.

At last they could hear the measured sound of the oars in the rowlocks.

"Let's pitch here," said Jack, deeming it prudent to call a halt.

He pointed as he spoke to a clump of trees that afforded excellent shelter, at the same time giving them a capital view of the sandy shore.

There were fifteen men in the boat.

Two remained in her when she was beached, and the others landed.

Some carried small casks, so that it was evident that they were in search of water as Jack had surmised.

These started in various directions, and half-a-dozen stayed under a clump of trees, throwing themselves down and beginning to smoke and drink.

Suddenly a form emerged from behind a rock, and advanced to the men.

All sprang to their feet and grasped their arms.

"Look, Dick, that's Hunston," whispered Jack.

"So it is. What's his game?"

"Stand close, we shall see directly," replied Jack.

Hunston, for it was he, stopped, and the leader of the sailors exclaimed:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Hunston.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, with the exception of a few friendly natives. Who are you?"

"My name is Sam Parsons," was the answer; "and I'm the captain of that ship you see riding in the offing. Now, who and what are you?"

"I was wrecked on one of these islands with some companions, but we've had a split," replied Hunston.

"Where are the others?" asked Parsons.

"On the island too. We've had a fight, and they've beaten us."

"Are they armed?"

"They are," answered Hunston, "but if you'd join me, we'd soon settle their hash."

"You seem a free-and-easy sort of chap," said Sam Parsons; "and if you like to turn pirate, you're welcome to a berth with us."

"Pirate?" repeated Hunston.

"Yes. Is there anything wonderful in that?" answered the mutineer. "We didn't like our officers, so we"—

He drew his hand significantly across his throat.

"Gave them a free passage to the other world, eh?" said Hunston, with a grim smile. "That's just my style, and if you'll have me, I'll cut and hang with the best of you."

"Well said, my hearty!" exclaimed Sam Parsons. "You're made of the right stuff, and a man of better kidney never sailed under the black flag, I can see. Come and join us in a glass of grog."

"That I'll do with pleasure, for I've tasted nothing stronger than water this many a long day," said Hunston.

The men dropped their arms, and they were soon pledging each other.

They seemed to consider Hunston an acquisition and crowded round him to hear the story which he recounted.

"Do you want to have a slap at your old friends?" said Sam Parsons.

"That's my pious intention. I wasn't strong enough without you, but with you we can easily do it."

"Where are they?"

"About four or five miles up along the coast. They've got a cave, and are well armed; still we might surprise them at night."

"How many are there of them?" continued the mutineer.

"Two youngsters, a middle aged man, a native, and a sailor-looking sort of cove, who has only just joined them," replied Hunston.

"How do you know this?"

"Because I watched them this morning, one of my natives having met them. He pretended to run away from them, but turned back and tracked them to their lair. He took me close to them afterwards, so I know it's all right."

"What's this sailor like?"

"He's a bluff sort of a fellow, and they call him Ben Blunt," answered Hunston.

"Hang me if I didn't think so. It's Ben Blunt the bo'sun!" cried Sam Parsons.

"And who may that be?"

"Why, he was in our ship's company, and being the only officer we liked, we spared his life and put him ashore here. So he's joined the enemy."

"Yes, that's the lot."

"Oh, by the Lord, Harry!" continued the mutineer, "we must have a slap at Ben. He may get off the island with his new mates; and he knows enough to send a man-of-war after us, and get the lot of us strung up."

A savage smile lighted up Hunston's countenance.

"You're with me, then?" he said. "Let's attack them in the grey dawn of to-morrow morning."

"Right you are, my hearty! What do you say, lads?"

"Aye, aye," responded the mutineers, in answer to Sam Parsons's appeal.

Harvey grasped Jack's hand.

"It's lucky we came out," he said, in a low tone.

"Yes," replied Jack. "Now we're warned, we shall be a match for them, though if they'd surprised us and killed our sentry, we should have been shot like parrots as we came out of the cave."

"Shall we go back now and fortify ourselves?"

"I think so. Those fellows who are out of water may see us if we stop," replied Jack.

With the same caution they had exercised in advancing, they beat a retreat.

They were disgusted with Hunston's constant enmity, and feared they would have no peace while he lived.

Mr. Mole and Monday had been preparing dinner, and having been successful in killing a hog that had escaped from its pen when Palembang was burnt, a very savory smell of roast pork greeted them as they approached.

"Come along, Harkaway," exclaimed Mr. Mole. "we've got a spread fit for a king."

"All right, sir; pitch in," replied Jack. "I've some startling news for you, but it shan't take away my appetite."

"Anything new?" asked Ben Blunt.

"The 'Sea-horse' is anchored off the shore, a few miles away, and our old enemy, Hunston, has met with and joined the mutineers."

"Is Sam Parsons on shore?"

"That he is," replied Jack. "He and his confederates have hoisted the black flag, and they mean to attack us to-morrow morning."

"The deuce they do!" said Mr. Mole, who was in the act of conveying a savory piece of pork to his mouth.

"The villains!" replied Ben Blunt. "It's all that Sam Parsons, though I could manage the rest of the crew if it wasn't for him."

"It's you they want, Ben," continued Jack. "They are afraid of you since Hunston told them you are with us. They say you can hang them."

"That's true enough; but hanging at the yard-arm is too good for Sam Parsons."

"Never mind; we won't give you up, Ben; we'll fight for you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ben Blunt; "I'll challenge Sam to fight me in single combat with cutlasses, and let the best man win. That'll save bloodshed."

"Bravo!" cried Jack. "I like a fair stand-up fight."

"Will he consent?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Oh, Sam's plucky enough. He'll fight."

"And you mean to propose that if you beat him they shall let us alone, and we won't interfere with them?" said Jack.

"That's just the idea," answered Ben.

"I've an amendment to propose," said Harvey.

"What's that?" asked Jack.

"Only this: when the fight is over, whichever way it goes, get up a big drink; you and I will steal away, get into a boat, and board the ship."

"They'll have men on guard."

"Of course they will, but you forget that where there are no officers, there is no discipline. The men will be drunk or asleep. I know what sailors are well enough."

"Let me go with you, Harvey. I should like to share in that glorious enterprise," said Mr. Mole.

"More by token, the gentleman would not like to be left with Sam Parsons and his mutineers," replied Ben with a grin.

"Silence, my good fellow," answered Mr. Mole.

"My bravery has been tried often and often, in the hour of danger. We've got to see what you can do."

"Let's all go," said Jack.

"Better still," Mr. Mole continued. "If our friend, Ben, here, is victorious, he will be of service, and when we have made friends with the mutineers, and they are all intoxicated, we will sail for the vessel."

"Monday know a plant which make um all sleep till this time next week," exclaimed the black.

"Do you propose to drug them?"

"That it, Mist' Mole. Put something in one big stone bottle, that for them; put nothing but rum in another, that for us."

"Excellent! The thanks of the meeting are, I think, due to Harvey and Monday for two excellent ideas. Eat up your pig, Monday, and go in search of the drug," said Mr. Mole.

"If it all comes off, it will be ripping," exclaimed Jack.

"We'll do our little worst, anyhow," remarked Harvey.

After dinner, the cave was strengthened by the erection of some mounds of earth which protected the entrance.

Each defender could crouch behind one of these little hills, and fire at the enemy without being exposed himself.

Monday procured the herb he wanted, and put large quantities of it into a big bottle of rum.



The guns were all loaded. Each member of the little board took up a position assigned to him by Jack. The oars were put in the boat, which was moored near the shore, so as to be ready at a moment's notice. Anxiously the moments glided by. Each heart beat quickly, for the coming day was pregnant with events of importance.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SENDING THE CHALLENGE.

The excitement attendant upon the expected attack of the mutineers prevented any of the party from sleeping.

They sat outside the cave with their arms ready to their hands, and Monday walked up and down with a loaded rifle.

Mr. Mole had a bottle of rum, and dispensed the grog with a liberality which won the heart of Ben Blunt.

"You're a gentleman, every inch of you, sir," he exclaimed, "I can see by the way you handle the liquor."

"No personal allusions, if you please, my worthy friend," replied Mr. Mole.

"I can't help it, cap'n. What I've got in my mind must come out. Now, if it isn't a rude question, what do you think it cost you to color your nose? It must have been a tidy sum, but you can make a rough guess."

It was a fact that Mr. Mole's nose had assumed a rosy hue of late, and shone like a fiery beacon on a dark night.

"Nonsense, my good fellow!" he exclaimed; "it's the hot sun of these infernal regions. You're mistaken when you ascribe the effect to intemperance. It's nothing of the sort. Pass the bottle."

"Right, sir. Bilers require water; quite nat'ral."

"Now then, don't you get to sparring."

Mr. Mole had sprung up, as if he intended to correct Ben Blunt by striking him.

But Jack pushed him back.

Putting one hand on his head, and the other on Ben's, he said, in an unctious voice like that of a clergyman:

"Bless you! ber-less you, my children! Kiss and be friends."

"Remove your hand from my head instantly, Harkaway!" cried Mr. Mole. "It's a liberty I allow no man to take!"

"Kiss and be friends, then," said Jack: "we can't have you fighting. Wait for the mutineers."

"You're becoming very impertinent," continued Mr. Mole. "Both you and Harvey seem to have lost the respect you ought to entertain for me. Don't you take any more liberties with me, Harkaway, or you'll hear more of it."

"Hullo!" cried Jack, "what's the matter? You're out of order, sir. Whose pills do you take?"

"Never mind; I will keep my place as leader of this party and protector of you poor defenceless boys; you keep yours. It is my province to command, yours to obey."

Jack smiled and winked at Harvey.

"If so be as the gentleman wants a turn up on the grass, man to man, a fair field and no favor, I'm ready for him," remarked Ben Blunt.

"I do not fight," replied Mr. Mole. "Such low and blackguard practices may suit Whitechapel roughs."

"Hang me if I know how to take him. I'm game. I was never sick or sorry an hour in my life, and if he means fighting, why, I'll fit him," said Ben.

"Don't you make any mistake, Ben," replied Jack. "Mr. Mole is as game as a pebble, and would come up fresh as a daisy after the fiftieth round. Don't you provoke him."

"What's he keep snacking at me for?"

"It is not for a boatswain or whatever you call yourself, to insult a man of education like myself, understand that," exclaimed Mr. Mole, proudly.

"The likes of you! And what be I?"

"An indifferent cross, I should say, between an idiot and a sea-cow," replied Mr. Mole, who was rapidly drinking more than he ought to.

Jack and Harvey roared with laughter at this sally.

Mr. Mole smiled blandly at this token of their approval.

"That's good. I flatter myself that's good, eh, Harkaway?" he said.

"Stunning, sir. You've spotted him to a T."

"He asked my candid opinion, and I gave it him."

"Well, I'm blowed, gents," exclaimed Ben Blunt, getting as red as a turkey-cock. "He's a-giving it me a rum 'un all round the hoop and no kid. Cross atween a hidot and a sea-cow. Blow me tight! That's a nice thing to say about a respectable cove, whose father fought with Nelson in the 'Victory,' and whose mother took in officers' washing at Portsmouth. I'll spoil his figure-head!"

"Harvey, hold that misguided man while I hit him on the head with a stick," exclaimed Mr. Mole, adding in a whisper: "Harkaway, what shall I do?"

"Cheek it out, sir."

"Mutinous dog, forbear!" continued Mr. Mole.

"You were the companion of mutineers. I will put you in chains, and convey you to your native land, there to await the judgment of your outraged countrymen."

Harvey had great difficulty in restraining Ben, who was speechless with rage and indignation.

"I think I've settled him," said Mr. Mole, with a hiccup. "What was it that broke the thingammy's back, Harkaway?"

"Straw, sir. Last straw broke the camel's back."

"Precisely. Turn to your natural history, and you find that the camel is a native of Bactria."

Mr. Mole took Ben's quiet attitude for cowardice.

His courage rose accordingly.

"You need not hold the poor wretch any longer, Harvey. Let him go," he said. "I think I have snuffed him out."

"He's in a mortal funk, sir. I don't know what it is, but there's something about you which knocks them all over," replied Harvey.

"It's my bearing, Harvey, my majestic bearing."

Suddenly Ben found his tongue, and sprang to his feet.

"I'll give him something!" he gasped, "when I've finished with him, he shall have a cock eye and a game leg. There won't be much what d'ye call bearing about that. Sink me, if there will."

"My word, sir," whispered Jack; "his monkey's up. You'd better cut and run."

"Run, Harkaway! I'd scorn to. But do you really think he means it? I thought I'd cowed him."

"Cut into the cave, sir. I'll square it in two minutes."

Ben Blunt was coming on at full speed, like an iron clad ram with steam full on.

Mr. Mole made a clear bolt into the cave, and began to barricade the entrance with some wood and bits of rock.

Jack stopped Ben Blunt, and exclaimed:

"Steady, Ben; steady!"

"Steady she is, sir," replied Ben, who was too good a sailor not to pull up when spoken to by one he considered his superior officer.

"Drop anchor, Ben."

"Lower away, my lads," replied Ben; adding, as he sat down:

"She's swung round to her moorings, sir."

"Right, Ben. Now listen to me. We make allowance for Mr. Mole. He is our senior, and we take no notice of what he says. He's privileged, Ben."

"That's well enough, sir," cried Ben. "I'm no scholar, but it is hard to be called sea-cows and cussed hidlots, ain't it now?"

"All chaff, Ben. Nothing but empty chaff. I'll take my oath he didn't mean it. He's a good sort when you know him."

"Then may I be wrecked on a lee shore if I want to know him."

"Step aft, Ben, and say there's no bad blood between you. He's the bung on board this ship, and will stop your grog if you ain't civil."

"Will he 'pologise for the sea-cow, sir, think ye?" asked Ben, scratching his head dubiously.

"Avast there, Ben. He's your superior officer. Never strike your flag, Ben, but always doff your hat to the ward-room."

"You're right, sir. Tell him to come out. I won't hurt him," answered Ben Blunt, who was a good-natured fellow, and easily pacified.

Jack went to the cave and said:

"It's supper-time, sir; come and join us."

"Is—is that wild sailor-fellow inclined to make peace, Harkaway?" asked Mr. Mole, looking cautiously through his barricade.

"He is like a lamb, sir."

"Is he? Then I'll venture out. I don't like mutineers as a rule. Not that I am afraid of any man living, but directly I recollected he was a mutineer, I thought it best to get out of the dog's way," answered Mr. Mole.

"Now, then, Dick," cried Jack, "wake up! See what there is in the larder, and put on the feed."

"There's cold venison and some bird stuff or other—parrot I think," answered Harvey.

"All right; put it on. We'll make a night of it, and fight the enemy all the better when they come."

Mr. Mole emerged from the cave, and was induced to shake hands with Ben, who showed no further ill-feeling.

The "feed," as Jack called it, was put "on," and a very pleasant evening was passed.

In a short time the daylight came, and everybody was very valiant, especially Mr. Mole and Ben Blunt.

"Sam Parsons knows me well enough," exclaimed Ben, "and I don't believe that he'll show up."

"I've got an idea, Ben," said Jack.

"Bully for you, sir," replied the boatswain.

"Suppose you sent Sam Parsons a challenge."

"I'm game to do that, sir, and fight him as long as I can stand, with cutlasses or pistols or both."

"Very well; Monday shall take the challenge, but it must be written."

"I'm no scholar, sir, as I said before," answered Ben; "but if so be that your honor will write it out, I will put my mark to it."

"I've got a pencil and a bit of paper," said Harvey.

"Fork it out then," replied Jack.

Harvey gave him the pencil and paper, and Jack spread the latter out on his knee.

"What shall I say, Ben?" he asked.

Ben scratched his head, looked up at the reddening sky, and then down upon the ground.

"It'll run somehow in this way," remarked Ben.

"I, Ben Blunt, late bo'sun of the 'Sea-horse,' bound from Shanghai to the port of London. Got that, sir?"

"Yes; 'port of London.' Go ahead."

"Challenge Sam Parsons, also of the 'Sea-horse,' and mutineer, to single combat. Got that sir?"

"All right; 'single combat.' Cut along."

"And the said Ben Blunt will fight with cutlasses or pistols—Got pistols, sir?"

"Yes; 'pistols'."

"And him as is whopped will have to bury the other, if so be as his lights is put out forever."

"That's lovely! I like the last bit," observed Harvey.

"We'll avenge you, Ben, if you fall," said Jack.

"P'rhaps Mr. Mole will have a turn at him, sir, if so be as I'm beat," observed Ben.

"Do you think I'd condescend to fight your battle, you son of a sea-cook?" exclaimed Mr. Mole, angrily.

"Gents," said Ben, he's at me again."

"Never mind him; it's his way," answered Jack. "It pleases him, and don't hurt you."

"Right, sir." "I only clap on sail when there's a capful of wind; it's when I feel a tempest coming that I take in canvas."

"Vulgar seaman!" said Mr. Mole.

"Well, sir?" inquired Ben.

"Peace, common fellow—peace!" continued Mr. Mole, waving his hand.

"Beg your honor's pardon," said Ben, speaking to Jack; "is that in the articles of war?"

"Yes; hold your noise."

"But sea-cows, and sea-cooks, and vulgar seamen, and common fellows! Why, hang me, if I was a porpoise, I couldn't stand it much longer."



"Polish off Sam Parsons first, and then you shall have a go at Mole."

"You promise me that, sir?"

"Religiously."

"Right. I'm dumb as an oyster, and then he'd better batten down his hatch, or I'll walk into his hold," said Ben.

Jack got up and dispatched Monday, with a white flag, to seek out the mutineers.

"Give them this," he said, and bring us their answer."

"All serene, Mast' Jack; Monday him do it," replied the black.

But he hadn't gone half a dozen yards before he ran back in a great state of agitation, crying:

"Here they come, sare—such a lot of 'em! Oh, my, Mast' Jack! look out, sare!"

Each member of the party firmly grasped his weapon and stood on the defensive.

The mutineers of the "Sea-horse" were advancing in force.

It was a critical moment.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SINGLE COMBAT.

"HARVEY," said Mr. Mole, "don't get behind me. Show yourself a man, as I mean to do."

Dick was only kneeling to load his extra rifle, and took no notice of the admonition.

"You, Harvey, are a fine specimen of the *virtus Britannicus*," continued Mr. Mole.

"Who is he, sir, when he's at home?" answered Harvey, getting up when he had finished loading.

"The British calf. *Vitulus Brit*—oh! get out of my way, Harvey. I will make for the cave. A bullet whistled past my head, and I thought there was only to be a single combat."

As Mr. Mole spoke, a couple of shots hurtled past and buried themselves in the walls of the cave.

The mutineers had commenced the attack.

"This is getting hot," remarked Harvey.

"Getting hot," replied Jack; "it is boiling hot already. Monday, hoist the white flag, as a sign we want to parley with them."

Monday did so.

The white flag was simply a bit of an old shirt stuck on the end of a bamboo.

"Hold your fire, Sam Parsons," cried Jack.

"Here's a letter I want to show you from an old messmate. Stay where you are. Don't advance another step or we fire."

Hunston at this moment came to the front.

"You haven't taken us by surprise, old fellow," continued Jack.

"Let them have it!" cried Hunston, angrily.

"Hold hard, governor," said Sam Parsons. "If so be as my old shipmate Ben Blunt"—

"That's me," interposed Ben.

"I can see you, old hull," continued Sam.

"Well, as I was a-saying, if so be as Ben wants a bit of palaver, I ain't a-going to forget old times, and shan't say nary a word against it."

"That's righteous, that is, Sam, and though we ain't cousins, blow me if I don't sort of admire your style!" answered Ben.

"Shoot them all down, you fool; you'll lose your chance!" exclaimed Hunston, more furious than ever.

"Belay, there! It's a truce, Ben, isn't it?" said Sam Parsons.

"Truce it is, Sam."

"Look here, Hunston," exclaimed Jack. "I know you to be a coward and a villain, and so I've covered you with my rifle. If"—

"You wouldn't break the truce?" said Hunston, hastily, fearing Jack meant to kill him.

"No, I shan't do that, but I shall keep my eye on the bead and my finger on the trigger, and if you so much as move half an inch, or open your agly mouth again, I take my Dick I'll pot you!"

Hunston turned ghastly pale.

But as he looked at Jack, he saw that he had his rifle to his shoulder, and that he could make "dead meat" of him in no time.

So he was obliged to be quiet.

"Ben!" exclaimed the mutineer.

"Here, lad," answered Ben.

"Where's this bit o' writin' you spoke about?"

"Monday!" said Jack.

"Yes, sare," replied the black.

"Deliver the challenge."

Monday advanced to Sam Parsons with the piece of paper on which the challenge was written, and Sam took it up, reading it with difficulty.

Some of his companions crowded round him and helped to make out its contents.

Turning to his lieutenant, Jimmy Clarke, Sam said:

"What shall I do, Jim?"

"Do?" repeated Jimmy. "Why, fight him like a man. It's a fair challenge, and if he beats, we'll shake hands all round and let 'em alone."

"Well, if I beat?"

"Why, if you beats, we'll shake hands all round too, and after a good liquor up, we'll up anchor and part friends," said Jimmy.

"Is that business, Jim?" asked Sam Parsons.

Jimmy had been a clerk somewhere, at something or the other, and they called him the Sea Lawyer.

If anything difficult had to be decided, they always said:

"Go and ask Jimmy Clarke; he's our sea lawyer, and be hanged to him!"

Thus it happened that Jimmy had great influence over his lawless companions.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. Jimmy hadn't much, but what little he had he made no double duty.

"Of course it's business," replied Jimmy. "If Anthony had sent a challenge to Cæsar, to meet him in the Campus Martius, wouldn't Cæsar have accepted it?"

"Then we must fight?"

"You and Ben must fight, that's about the size of it, and I'll bet a demi-quid on you, Sam."

"Right you are, Jimmy," said Sam Parsons. "I'm a plucked one."

"You have the choice of weapons, being the challenged party," continued Jimmy. "What will you have?"

"Cutlasses for me," exclaimed Ben.

"You dry up, old Whale," exclaimed Jimmy.

"It's for my man to choose. What do you want to spout for?"

"Well," said Sam, "cutlasses be it. I never like to crab a pal, and if Ben Blunt says cutlasses, I'm on with cutlasses."

Two of the mutineers stepped forward, and gave each of the intending combatants a cutlass.

They took the weapons and faced one another.

Both sides made a circle round the principals.

Jack, however, did not lower his rifle, and never took his eye off Hunston.

The single combat was about to begin.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE RESULT OF THE FIGHT.

THE two old salts stood opposite one another and flourished their weapons, which glittered in the sunshine.

"Tip us your flipper, Ben," said Sam Parsons.

"Done with you, Sam," replied Ben Blunt; "I've no particular ill-will against you, though you didn't behave quite friendly."

"It's understood, lads," said Jimmy Clarke, "that whoever licks we make friends, and each party goes its own way."

Each one assented.

"We'll stand the liquor," remarked Harvey, "and all shall be agreeable as far as we can make it."

"All right," replied Jimmy. "I'll back up Sam, and that gentleman with the clerical mug upon him will perhaps do the same for Ben."

He pointed to Mr. Mole.

"Did you allude to me?" asked Mr. Mole.

"You're the cove. Step out here and we'll show fair play."

"I can have no possible objection in seconding the champion of our party, but I strongly object to being called the cove with the clerical—what did you say?"

"Mug," replied Jimmy.

"I think I understand your meaning, though I must protest against the vulgarity of your language. However, let that pass. I will do my duty," replied Mr. Mole.

Jimmy Clarke took his place behind Sam Parsons.

Mr. Mole took his behind Ben Blunt.

"Make ready," said Jimmy.

The cutlasses described circles in the air.

"At the word 'three,' strike," continued Jimmy.

There was a momentary pause.

"One, two, three!"

In an instant the blades crossed and struck fire.

Sam Parsons was a tall, active fellow, but Ben was the stronger of the two.

Perhaps he was not so active as his opponent, though he seemed to understand the sword exercise.

The spectators applauded their respective champions, taking the utmost interest in the contest.

"Lay on, Sam," cried the mutineers. "Stick to him, lad; let him have it!"

While Jack and Harvey said:

"Cut him down, Ben—that's your sort! Be careful, old man. Now you have him!"

Sam Parsons had the honor of dealing the first cut that drew blood.

It was an ugly blow on the left shoulder, but it did not disable his opponent.

The pain it caused him made him more furious than ever.

Hunston looked on and gnashed his teeth, for the affair was so different to what he had anticipated.

He intended to have massacred all his own friends, and his plans were spoilt by the chivalrous combat that was taking place.

Of course he was safe with the mutineers, and did not fear being taken a prisoner.

They would protect him.

At length, Ben, by a lucky stroke, brought Sam Parsons on one knee, having cut through the tendons of his leg.

"Good again, Ben! Cut him down!" cried Jack.

"Curse the luck!" gasped the mutineer, still dealing blows with the cutlass.

Ben Blunt was excited, and, encouraged by the cries of his party, rushed forward, raised his weapon with both hands, and brought it down on the defenceless head of his enemy.

There was a groan.

Sam Parsons fell forward on his face, his head being cleft in two to the chin.

The mutineer's last hour had come.

There was a faint gurgle in his throat, a sort of death rattle, and he gave up the ghost.

With the utmost composure the mutineers removed the body out of sight.

Then Jimmy Clarke went up to Ben, and said:

"I guess you're best man and Sammy's gone home."

And you're cap'n of the 'Sea-horse,'" replied Ben.

"That's right enough. However, we'll keep our compact. No more fighting. You've done the trick, Ben, and so we'll claim your promise. Bring out the liquor."

Jack was horrified at the careless indifference of those men at the loss of their companion.

A moment's reflection showed him that a ship's crew who had risen against and killed their officers were not likely to give way to tender emotions.

Nor had he any time to waste in a melting mood.

"Monday," he exclaimed.

"Yes, sare," replied the black.

"Bring out the stone bottle—you know which one," he added, in the native language, in a low tone.

Monday nodded his head in a significant manner, and entered the cave.

He returned with a large stone bottle containing rum.

The contents had been drugged with the peculiar herb of which he had spoken.

Harvey and Mr. Mole were attending to Ben Blunt's hurt, which they found on



"Now, my lads, bring yourselves to an anchor," exclaimed Jack. "We shan't charge you any more for sitting. Here are some cups, such as we use ourselves, and here's the stuff."

With this he distributed some half cocoanut shells, which could not be set down until they were empty, the bottom being round.

The men began to pour out the liquor, and Jack spoke to Hunston, saying:

"Are you going to join your new friends?"

"No, I'm not," replied Hunston. "I'm going to take my hook. The sight of you makes me feel ill."

"Does it?" answered Jack, with a sneer. "Then take that with you to remind you of me."

As he spoke he kicked him as hard as he could just as he turned his back.

"You dare!"—cried Hunston, in a rage.

Jack levelled the pistol-barrel at him.

"Sheer off," he exclaimed, "or I'll settle accounts with you, and wipe out all I have against you."

"A time will come," said Hunston, burning with rage.

The next instant he had darted away, and was lost to sight in the dense jungle.

Returning to the mutineers, Jack saw that they had all drunk.

Then he gave the stone bottle to Monday, saying:

"This is empty; go and get another."

"Ah, that's right," exclaimed Jimmy; you'll join us. I thought you weren't going to leave us alone. When we've had this drinking 'bout out and the truce is over, we shall be at liberty to fight again."

"Oh, yes; I quite understand that," replied Jack.

"You know, we ain't going to let Ben Blunt crow over us."

"Of course not."

"We arranged that poor Sammy and Ben should fight it out, and that there should be a truce," continued Jimmy. "Now we're drinking to our noble selves: but when we leave you here and get out of sight, the war begins again."

"We're ready for you," said Jack.

Mr. Mole approached.

"I think, Harkaway, that I should not be showing the loving kindness of my nature if I did not drink the health of these fine fellows."

"Fire away, sir," answered Jack, handing him a cup full of rum.

Harvey, Ben, and Monday now came in for their share, and they all fraternized.

"Ben, you old lubber," said Jimmy, "come and join us, lad, and we'll make you our cap'n."

"Not if I know it, Jimmy," answered Ben.

"You won't? Then to-morrow will see you as low as poor Sam Parsons, and we shall have lost the two best men in our crew."

"I'll never be a mutineer," replied Ben. "Scuttle me first."

"Come, gentlemen," exclaimed Jack, fearing a quarrel, "let the merry jest go round. We're friends now, whatever we may be to-morrow."

"That's right," answered Jimmy. "Who'll favor us with a song? Will you, sir?"

This request was addressed to Mr. Mole.

"I—I sing?" said Mr. Mole, in surprise. "I never did such a thing in my life. It is totally out of keeping with my character."

"Go on, sir," Jack said. "You can tip them a stave, if you like."

"Harkaway, I protest."

"It's no use protesting, sir. You're knocked down for a song, and sing you must. It will be your call afterwards."

Harvey clapped his hands.

"Silence, gentlemen," he said, "silence, please, for Mr. Mole's song."

There was a dead silence, and everybody looked at Mr. Mole.

The unhappy gentleman bestowed a supplicating look upon Jack, who kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

"The penalty for not singing is being ducked in the sea, I believe," remarked Harvey.

Thus stimulated, Mr. Mole sighed, and said:

"If I must, though, I can only give you a dimly-remembered trifle of my childhood."

Clearing his throat he sang, in a cracked voice:

"Did you ever, ever, ever see a whale?"

Did you ever, ever, ever see a whale?"

Did you?"—

"Blame me," interrupted Ben Blunt, "if I didn't once see a lovely apermacti whale off the coast of"—

"Order, Ben. Shut up," cried Jack. "You're interrupting the harmony."

"Beg pardon, sir. Thought he was speaking to me, acos he looked"—

"Will you dry up?"

Ben collapsed, and Mr. Mole continued:

"Did you ever, ever, ever see a whale?"

No, I never, never, never;

No, I never, never, never saw a whale,

But I've often, often, often;

But I've often, often, often seen a cow."

How much longer Mr. Mole might have gone on with his song it is difficult to say.

His voice, however, was drowned in a rude burst of loud laughter, in which every one joined.

This was followed by hurrahs and bravos, and it became quite a word afterwards with everyone to say, "Did you ever see a whale?" and the reply would be, "No, but I've seen a cow."

Mr. Mole sat down and solaced himself with a little refreshment.

"I flatter myself I did that well, Harkaway," remarked Mr. Mole. "I was greeted with applause, and came off with flying colors."

"Certainly, sir," replied Jack. Adding, "Dick, did you ever see a whale?"

At this there was another roar, in which Mr. Mole joined.

"The fact is, Harkaway," continued Mr. Mole, "that it isn't everybody who could sing that song."

"So I should think, sir."

"The words are so simple"—

"Very simple, sir," said Jack with a grin.

"So simple, I say," continued Mr. Mole, "that a great deal depends on the way it is sung."

Jack now remarked that some of the mutineers were lying on their sides.

The drug was beginning to take effect.

"Hullo! drowse my daylights!" exclaimed Jimmy Clarke, "but this is a rummy go. I've come over wonderful sleepy all of a minute."

"Pitch on the ground, then," replied Ben Blunt. "Nobody won't eat you."

Unable to resist the influence of the drug that Monday had mixed with the liquor, the leader sank gently forward.

Directly afterwards he was fast asleep.

One by one the mutineers dropped off, and springing to his feet, Jack exclaimed:

"Now, my boys, are you all armed?"

There was a general chorus in the affirmative.

"Does the boat float, Monday?"

"Yes, sare; him float safe enough," replied Monday.

"Slip your cable, then, and away to the 'Sea-horse.' She is ours if we do our duty."

"Hur"—began Harvey.

"Silence, Dick. No halloaing till we're out of the wood. That thief Hunston's slinking about somewhere. We've our work cut out for us yet," interrupted Jack.

They did not know how many men had been left on board the ship.

But their enterprise had succeeded so well as far as it had gone that they ran down the beach flushed with hope, and jumped into the boat.

When they were all seated the sail bellied to the breeze, and away they went.

## CHAPTER X.

### TAKING THE SHIP.

THEY had not gone far from the shore, when Hunston, who had been hiding in the bushes, crept up to the scene of the late revelry.

The stillness that reigned where just before all had been noise and uproar alarmed him.

The sudden quiet boded no good.

When he saw the mutineers all extended on the ground, he thought they were dead.

But a glance assured him that they slept, and as their hearts beat, and they breathed easily, it was clear that they were not poisoned.

"They have been drugged," he muttered.

His next anxiety was to discover what had become of Jack and his companions.

He reached the cave, and found nobody.

Then he gazed out over the sea, and saw the boat sailing towards the ship.

"Fiend take them!" he cried. "This is Jack's plan, I'll bet a sovereign, and a good one it is too. There cannot be more than a half a dozen men on board the 'Sea-horse,' and probably they are drunk and keeping no look-out."

He danced about with uncontrollable passion.

All at once he remembered that Sam Parsons had told him he had arranged a signal with those on board the ship.

This was to light a fire.

If the look-out on board the "Sea-horse" saw a fire on the shore, he would know at once that there was danger in the wind.

"I'll try and foil Harkaway at all hazards," he cried.

Hastily gathering together some sticks, he contrived to light a fire by striking two flints together over some dry grass.

Heaping what wood he could find on the top of it, he soon had a roaring fire.

A black column of smoke ascended high in the air and extended seaward.

"Those on board the ship must see the signal," he muttered.

If the ship was captured he knew that his dearest scheme would be frustrated.

Jack had learnt from the native he captured, that Emily had been sent to the pirates' stronghold.

This was called the city of the Golden Towers.

The ship would enable Jack to sail to the island, on which the famous city was situated, and the rescue of Emily would be comparatively easy.

Besides this the vessel would take Jack back to England, while Hunston would be left alone amongst the savages.

"I could gnaw my heart out with vexation," he said, almost crying with rage.

He stood by the fire, piling on wood, and watching the progress of the boat towards the ship.

The morning had broken clear and serene; not a cloud obscured the magnificent disc of the yellow sun.

A refreshing breeze carried the boat over the water like a thing of life.

In his impatience Jack had seized an oar, while Harvey had grasped another.

She flew through the water.

Monday looked after the sail, while Mr. Mole sat behind Ben Blunt, who handled the tiller.

The dangerous nature of the task they had undertaken prevented them from feeling any inclination to talk.

It seemed an age before they reached the ship, though the actual distance traversed was not more than five or six miles.

When they were within a few yards of the vessel, they saw dark forms on the deck.

"Ship ahoy!" cried a sailor.

"Lower your flag!" exclaimed Jack, dropping his oar and grasping his weapons.

"Who are you, and where do you hail from?" continued the mutineer.

"You know me, Bill Drake, don't you?" said Ben Blunt.

"Of course I do. What tack are you on now, Ben?" returned the one addressed as Blake.

"Sam Parsons is dead, and I've come to summon you to lay down your arms."

"Never!" replied Drake. "There's something wrong, lads. I see the signal on the shore; it's a caution. Take your boat away," he added, "or by —, we'll sink her!"

"Pour in a volley!" cried Jack. "Now, then, each of you cover your man and aim low. Are you ready? Fire!"

In a moment there was a succession of reports.

"Run her alongside, Ben, and then board her!" continued Jack.



"I'll stick to you," said Harvey to his friend.  
"All right, Bet you a bob I'm on deck first, Dick," replied Jack.

Almost directly, the crew of the boat were clambering up the sides of the ship.

Whether the mutineers were disheartened or not, Jack did not know.

But they returned the fire in a half-hearted manner, which did not appear to do any damage.

With his pistols in his belt, and a knife between his teeth, Jack went up the ship's side as if he was walking up stairs into his father's drawing-room.

Harvey was after him in a trice.

They saw four men on deck, two having fallen at the first discharge.

Jack, having fired his pistol at one, rushed at the other with his dirk and ran it through his body.

Harvey made short work with another, and a fourth fell on his knees and begged for mercy.

"Shall I settle him?" asked Harvey.

"No; let the beggar live. Take away his arms, though," replied Jack.

The mutineer gladly allowed himself to be disarmed, and then the victors looked round to see the extent of the damage.

By this time Monday had gained the deck, not being so active as the boys, who, of course, knew much better how to get on board a ship than he did.

"Oh, Mast' Jack!" cried Monday; how him bleed!"

"Who?" asked Jack.

"You, sare; look, your face!"

Jack put up his hand and withdrew it covered with blood.

"By Jove!" he said; "I've copped it somehow, though I didn't feel I was wounded. Is it much, Dick?"

Harvey approached to examine, and said:

"It isn't deep, but it's a neat enough cut over the cheek bone. It's a cutlass wound. I saw one of the fellows make a swipe at you as you boarded."

"Tie something around it, will you?"

Taking a handkerchief off his neck, Harvey fastened it as well as he could round his friend's face.

"Hurrah!" said Jack, "the ship's ours! Ben. Where's Ben?"

"Here, cap'n," replied the old sailor, coming up the ship's side with difficulty. "I've got a bullet in the leg, but I wouldn't stop below."

"That's a pity, for we're short-handed already, and can't afford to let you go into the sick bay," said Jack.

Harvey had a look at the wound, and exclaimed:

"I'm surgeon's mate, Ben."

"Might have a worse, sir, and meaning no flattery to you," answered Ben.

The ball fortunately had not gone in very far, and Dick felt it by probing the wound with his finger.

"Can you plumb it, sir?" asked Ben.

"True as a die, Ben. Shut your mouth and keep still."

"Oh! That last poke seemed to touch up a muscle," cried Ben, wincing beneath the pain.

Harvey had one of those wonderful knives in his pocket which are a corkscrew, penknife, stone-picker, bradawl, forceps, etc., all in one.

Opening the forceps, he, with great nerve and considerable skill, inserted the instrument in the wound, grappled the bullet, and drew it out.

"The Lord love you, sir," said Ben, joyfully. "Perhaps you've saved my life, leastways, my leg, which would have cankered without a doctor's help."

Harvey tore up part of his shirt and made bandages, which he tied round the wound.

"Now you lie still, my old sea-lion," he said.

"You've got an uncommon bad leg, and we shall have you tied up in your hammock with a big shot at your feet if you don't watch it."

Ben hobbled to the after-deck, and sat down on a carronade, knowing that Dick's advice was too good not to be followed.

The bodies of the mutineers were quickly

thrown overboard by Monday, and the decks swabbed.

In a short time not even a blood-stain remained to show that there had been an action.

Going up to Ben, Jack said:

"What's the name of the man whose life was spared? Will he join us?"

"Bouncer's his name, leastways, I never heard him called anything else," answered Ben: and as to joining us, will a duck swim?"

"What do they call him Bouncer for?"

"Cos he's the biggest out-and-outer at lying as ever had breath put into him," said Ben.

"Oh, that's it," said Jack, laughing.

"You musn't believe anything that Bouncer tells you, 'cos he can't speak the truth, even a little bit. He don't know how."

"Can we go to sea like this, Ben?" asked Jack.

"No, sir," answered the old sailor. "We couldn't work her if a storm came on. It would be a tempting of Providence, and I'd as soon sail on a Friday."

"Then what's the good of the vessel?" asked Jack, in a tone of disappointment.

"Might man her with niggers, sir."

"Niggers? Natives you mean."

"Yes," replied Ben. "I've seen Lascers do their duty when they've been well larrupped with a rope's end. But you can't do nothing with them with kindness."

"Are they lazy?"

"Ain't they?" said Ben. "I've seen 'em—a score or more—sleeping on deck of a night, cuddled up in each other's arms, all the world like monkeys, and that's what they'd like to do always—eat and drink and sleep; but these here niggers may be a chalk better."

"I'll consider what's to be done, Ben. Let Harvey help you below. Turn into your old bunk. You must take care of yourself."

"Thank'ee, sir. I shall know little rest though till I can take my place again by your side," answered the sailor.

"Where's Mole?" said Jack, as Harvey and Ben disappeared.

In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten all about Mr. Mole, and he now looked anxiously round for him.

The proprietor of a tea-garden in China was nowhere to be seen.

## CHAPTER XL

### HUNSTON IN DANGER.

THE delight of Harkaway at having so boldly and gallantly captured the beautiful little ship "Sea-horse" was unbounded.

He had many difficulties yet to contend with; but having possession of the vessel gave him hopes of sailing to the mysterious city where Emily had been sent.

Then, having rescued her, he could up anchor and sail for England.

The very thought of his home and all his friends, who no doubt, for his long silence, were mourning him as dead, sent him wild with joy.

He forgot the pain of his wound, which was beginning to stiffen.

He forgot all the difficulties he had to encounter, and had it not been for his anxiety on Mr. Mole's account, he would have sunk into a charming reverie.

Monday came up at this moment, and he said:

"Have you seen Mr. Mole? I am afraid he is hurt, and I wouldn't lose Mole for the world. We should have no fun without him."

Monday grinned.

"Mist' Mole all right, sare," he replied.

"Is he? How do you know that?" asked Jack, much relieved.

"Monday saw him lower the sail in the boat, and creep under um, sare."

"He's in the boat, then?"

"Yes, sare."

Jack looked over the side, and saw the boat drifting astern.

"Drop into the water, and swim to her," he exclaimed, "or she'll get into a current and go in shore. He'll never work her himself."

Monday had no superfluous clothing, and quickly

dropped into the sea, swimming like a fish towards the boat.

He looked under the sail, but saw no one.

"Him gone," he exclaimed.

"Gone! Pull the boat in, and make fast the painter to the ship," answered Jack, whose presence of mind never failed him.

He had got in the habit now of giving orders, and commanded as if he had been born to it.

In a short time Monday worked the boat back, moored her, and came on deck, his dusky skin glistening in the sun after his immersion.

"Now, where's Mole?" said Jack.

"Mondaysaw him, sare, creep under the sail when we began to fire."

"Perhaps he's on board, and we have missed him. Come below."

Jack went down the hatch, and entered the captain's cabin.

Here, to his surprise, was Mr. Mole.

On the floor lay a man very much the worse for liquor, and Mr. Mole had put his foot on his neck.

Bottles of various kinds, containing spirits and wines, were displayed on the table.

Mr. Mole had been trying each of them, and held a glass of something red in his hand, which he was sipping with great gusto.

"How did you get here, sir?" asked Jack.

"We thought you had come to grief."

"Harkaway," answered Mr. Mole. "I have subjugated this Philistine. Look at him!"

"I can see him, sir."

"Have I not put my foot on his neck?"

"But how did you get into this state-room?" persisted Jack.

"You shall hear. First of all, try a glass of this liquor. I know not its name, but of a verity, Harkaway, it is comforting to the inner man."

"Don't mind if I do, sir. I got a nasty knock on the head, and don't feel over and above bob-bish," replied Jack.

They drank, Mr. Mole raising his glass to his mouth with an unsteady hand, and saying:

"When the boat struck against the side of this goodly ship I saw a port-hole, Harkaway"

"Yes, sir."

"My first impulse was to follow you on deck, but on reflection, I decided not to do so. I crept through the port-hole, and entered this cabin."

"Where you found the liquor, sir," said Jack.

"No, Harkaway, not so," replied Mr. Mole.

"Where I found this truculent mutineer. We fought for more than ten minutes, and at last I conquered him."

"You haven't got a scratch, sir. That's lucky, after ten minutes' tussle."

"I don't show my wounds like some people. If I am thrust through the thigh with a murderous sort of knife, I don't go and proclaim it on the housetops, not I, Harkaway."

"Well, I'm glad to see you so well as you are, sir," replied Jack. "You will excuse me for a time, as I have affairs to attend to."

"Can I help you? If so, command Isaac Mole."

"You can come on deck, sir. I must keep this cabin shut up."

"Shut up the cabin?" said Mr. Mole, in dismay.

"Yes; this is my den in the future. I'm captain, sir, and you shall be one of my lieutenants."

"This is reversing the order of things, Harkaway. Am I not entitled by my age and experience to be the leader? I will not quit this cabin at present; I protest against it; but I will drink your health, nevertheless."

While he was speaking he slipped off his chair, and fell stretched on the floor.

"Let him be, sare," said Monday. "Him right enough now."

"You black beast!" exclaimed Mr. Mole. "I will teach you how to respect your pastors and masters when I am better. Just now I feel sleepy. My exertions in the battle have made me drowsy. You can go and play."

A benignant smile overspread his countenance, and Jack and Monday left the cabin.

Going on deck again, they met Harvey.

"Hullo, Jack!" said Harvey, "did you ever see a whale?"



"No, I never, never saw a whale, but I've just seen a Mole," replied Jack.

"Where?"

"In the cabin—tight."

"Well, he's happy. I thought he was potted. Shouldn't like to lose old Mole. He isn't a bad sort, and taught our young ideas, you know."

"So he did. I like Mole, he keeps us alive."

"Blest if I know I'm cornered," answered Jack. "I must have a little while to rest and think. There's Mole tight, Ben Blunt wounded, and I'm dead beat."

"You're wounded too."

"It isn't much, though I must own I want rest," said Jack.

"Have it, then. Monday and I will keep watch. There are two small cannons on deck, which I suppose the watch had to protect them against the Malay pirates. We will keep them loaded, and if the mutineers wake up and try to board us, we will sink them."

"By the way, Monday," asked Jack, "how long will the fellows be before the drug works off?"

"They wide 'wake enough now, sare," replied Monday.

"How do you know?"

"You look, sare. See um all dance about; and, look, they got Mast' Hunston!"

"I'll be hanged if I can see them. Your eyes are sharper than mine," replied Jack.

"Get a glass, Monday," said Harvey. "We have one somewhere."

Monday saw one lying on the deck, and handed it to Jack.

He put the telescope to his eye, and took a steady view of the opposite shore.

"By Jove!" he said. "Monday's right. The fellows are all up, and bustling about like bees."

"Have they got Hunston?" asked Harvey.

"Yes; they are binding a fellow who looks like Hunston."

"Him Mast' Hunston, sure enough," said Monday. "Me never forget um face."

"What are they going to do with him?" continued Harvey.

"Jiggered if I know," answered Jack. "They've got him safe. There's something on, but what it is, I can't make out, for the life of me."

"I expect he's had a row with the mutineers," said Harvey, "but he'll square it with them, no doubt. It isn't worth while bothering about him."

"Not much," replied Jack.

He dropped the glass, and as he did so, Bouncer who had been neglected in the confusion, came up.

"Beg pardon, captain," he said.

"What do you want? Oh, you are the prisoner," replied Jack.

"Yes, sir, and I want to know what you are going to do with me."

"Look here, Mr. Bouncer," said Jack; "the ship is ours now, and we mean to take very good care she shall remain ours. If you like to become one of our crew, we'll take you to England with us, and say nothing about the mutiny."

"That's generous, sir," replied Mr. Bouncer. "though to tell you the truth, I was dead against the rising from the first, and it was through me that Ben Blunt's life was saved."

Jack did not quite believe this, for he remembered what Ben had said about Bouncer's lying powers.

"You'll be short handed, sir," continued Bouncer. "There's only yourselves, me, and Geary, who's been drunk in the captain's cabin for the last two days."

"You'll have to work double tides, then," said Jack; "but we mean to get some niggers to ship with us."

"From one of the islands?"

"Yes; save a dozen or so, and they can be brought on their homes by the next ship that comes out this way. I'll guarantee that."

"Then I'd better set out about my duty, sir," exclaimed Bouncer. "for"

your part to join your old friends, I'll shoot you like a seagull."

"No fear, sir. I'm glad to be under a proper cap'n again. When do you sail?"

"Not yet. We must wait till that drunken hound in the cabin is sober, and Ben Blunt can get about and give us a hand. You, I, Harvey and Monday, with Mr. Mole thrown in, are not sufficient to work the ship."

"That's the crew, is it, sir? Four men and a black—five all told."

"That's all—five men, if you like to call Harvey and I men."

"Ah, I could spin you a yarn, sir," said Bouncer, "of how I and another chap crossed the Atlantic, when we wasn't fourteen years old, in a cockle-shell of thirty tons. It isn't the years, it's the spirit that makes a man."

"There's something in that," replied Jack, "and I now keep a good look-out. Those two small cannons are loaded. If the mutineers come near us in their boats depress the muzzle and fire low, and we shall sink the lot of them."

Having given some tritling orders to Harvey and Monday, Jack took up the glass again and reconnoitred the shore.

Hunston was certainly in trouble.

But what about?

## CHAPTER XII

### THE RAGE OF THE MUTINEERS.

To explain the peculiar position into which Hunston had fallen, we must return to the mutineers.

The drug which had been given them, though quick in its action, was not lasting in its effects.

In a few hours they had slept off the lethargy which had overtaken them.

Jimmy Clarke, being a man of strong constitution, was the first to return to his senses.

He was followed by the rest of his companions, one by one.

They all awoke somewhat dizzy and drowsy, rubbing their eyes and stretching their limbs.

Hunston no sooner saw they were getting about again, than he left the signal fire and came towards them.

"What's the meaning of this, and where are your late friends?" asked Jimmy.

"They've been one too many for you, curse them!" replied Hunston.

"How's that; and why did you light the signal?"

"To give those on board warning that there was danger."

"What danger?" asked the mutineer.

"You've had some grog put in your grog," said Hunston, "which sent you all off to sleep."

"Hang me, if I didn't think as much."

"While you slept, the party under Jack Harkaway sailed to the ship, attacked, and captured it. I heard the firing, and though I lighted the signal, it did not save the vessel."

The mutineers looked blankly at one another.

"Is this true?" cried Jimmy, fiercely.

"Judge for yourself," replied Hunston. "Look, they are lowering the black flag you hoisted, and running up the Union Jack."

"So they are. It's a case, and Ben Blunt has us in the palm of his hand. He'll send one of Her Majesty's cruisers after us, and we shall be shot or hanged."

The dismay of the mutineers increased.

"Death is better than being left on this island," said one.

Turning savagely to Hunston and eyeing him suspiciously, Jimmy Clarke exclaimed:

"It strikes me, my hearty, that you've had a hand in this."

"I?" repeated Hunston.

"Yes, you; they used to be your friends. How is it you were not drugged with the rest of us?"

"Because I wouldn't drink with them."

"That be blowed for a yarn. Catch an old sailor refusing his allowance when its offered him," said Jimmy.

"Look here," replied Hunston, growing alarmed.

"Well," said the mutineer sullenly.

"If I'd stood in with them, shouldn't I have gone off in the boat with them, and not have staid here with you?"

This argument did not convince Jimmy.

"Not you. There is some dodge on. You didn't expect us to wake up so soon, and meant to have joined them later. If they ain't waiting for you why don't they set sail at once?"

"Look 'ee here," said a hairy, rough-looking mutineer, "you see that smoke from the fire's blowing right into the cave, ain't it?"

"Yes, it be so," replied Jimmy.

"Well, then it's my idea he meant to have dragged all our bodies in there and have suffocated us right off, only we come to a sight too quick for him."

This unlikely suggestion was eagerly caught at by the mutineers and fully believed in.

Knives leaped from sheaths and flashed in the darkness.

More than one pistol was leveled at Hunston's head, and his life with these ferocious men did not seem worth a minute's purchase.

Jimmy now interfered.

"Put up your shooting-irons, lads," he exclaimed. "There's one comfort, we've got the traitor."

"Kill him! kill him!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Not yet. Seize him and bind his arms, so as he can't slip his cable."

A dozen willing hands fell upon Hunston, and securely bound his hands behind his back.

This was what Jack had observed from the deck of the "Sea-horse."

It was this confusion which had puzzled him.

"Now, my lads, let's have a bit of palaver," said Jimmy.

The mutineers crowded round their leader in a circle.

Hunston was sitting on the ground looking sullen and dejected.

"It was this chap," continued Jimmy, pointing to Hunston, "who got us to come here to attack Ben Blunt, wasn't it?"

"That's right enough."

"Well, Sam Parsons got killed, and I always thought there was foul play about that, which was all of a piece with the rest."

"Ben Blunt never could have beat Sam Parsons if there wasn't something quizzical going on," remarked a mutineer.

"So I say," remarked Jimmy, "and it's all bits of the same plot. Well, we gets drugged, doesn't us?"

"Sure," replied the men.

"Then, while we's asleep, Ben and his mates goes and takes our ship. Now, what I say is that this Hunston is at the bottom of it all. He's helped his friends, and all what's happened is all along of him."

"Don't I tell you that I hate Harkaway and all his companions like poison?" exclaimed Hunston.

"What you say don't matter much. It ain't of no account," answered Jimmy.

"Won't you listen to reason?" continued Hunston. "A child, if he'd look at the facts fairly could see that I've had nothing to do with it."

"Look here," said the mutineer, "you may aw for a month, but you won't alter our opinion. We've dropped anchor at that men, and we shall ride at it, shant us, lads?"

There was a noisy chorus of assent.

"Now you've done a deal for your pals, and they ought to do something for you," persisted the mutineer.

"They won't do anything for me," replied Hunston. "so it is of no use of thinking of it."

"We'll try them. I want that ship. We're tired so long as we ain't got our ship, and I don't know as we should do much good by attacking of her now she's looked over."

"Why not? You're four to one."

"Maybe; but Blunt and his friends is awake, they are, not like our scoundrels, Bouncer and Geary, and the others, who must have got blizzing drunk, and kept no watch."



"You've got two boats. Go and attack the ship. I'll lead the attack," Hunston suggested.

"No, thank you; I've got a better dodge than that. You'd go over to the enemy. I know you. Wanted to smother us all in the cave, didn't you?"

Hunston groaned at the pig-headed and ignorant obstinacy of the man.

"No, my lads," Jimmy went on, "we won't attack the ship to be sent to the bottom by a cannon, not us. We'll send a flag of truce, and tell whoever's captain of the 'Sea-horse' that if the ship isn't given up in twelve hours, we'll hang this Hunston on a tree in sight of his pals."

There was a roar of assent to this proposition.

"Jimmy can do it. He's a born lawyer all over," said one of the mutineers named Philips.

"Are we sailing on the right track?" asked Jimmy, much pleased with the applause he received.

"That's right," replied Philips. "Let Hunston write a bit of a note—we've got pencil and paper among us—and then two of us will go in the boat with a flag of truce and let 'em think it over."

"It must be put strong and simple to them," said another mutineer.

"You leave that to me, and don't attempt to teach your betters," exclaimed Jimmy. "It's this way; they give up the ship in twelve hours, or we put a noose round their friend Hunston's neck, and hang him up to the nearest tree."

"But I'm not their friend," said Hunston.

"Go along, and tell that to the marines," replied Jimmy, derisively.

"We're enemies. We hate one another, and I've been trying to kill the whole of them this ever so long. My life doesn't matter a rush to them."

"It won't do, governor," said Jimmy. "We're able-bodied seamen, and it won't wash."

"All right; you're a parcel of fools, and must do as you like, I suppose," exclaimed Hunston, with a sigh of resignation.

He saw it was useless to talk to them.

They fancied he was a traitor to them, and a friend of Ben Blunt and Harkaway, which was quite enough for them.

Paper and pencil were produced and handed to Hunston.

"Now, then, write for your life; that's what you've got to do."

Write to Harkaway to save his life!

What a strange turn events had taken since Jack was Hunston's captive in Palembang, and a high gallows had been erected especially for him.

Hunston had some spirit and pride left in him, and he hesitated before he put pencil to paper.

He felt it would be no use.

It would be an unnecessary humiliation.

Throwing the pencil down, he said:

"Write yourselves! I'll be hanged if I lower myself by writing to Jack, not even to beg my life."

The mutineers regarded him with astonishment.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TWELVE HOURS ONLY.

THE scene was a striking one.

Hunston's arms had been unbound to permit him to write, and an empty biscuit cask had been rolled before him, upon which the sheet of rough paper was placed.

Around him were gathered the picturesquely-attired mutineers, with their savage faces sunburnt and swarthy.

On one side was a cave, situated at the base of a rocky ledge, which stretched for some distance along the shore.

Behind arose a vast forest, filled with all the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

In front a sandy plateau swept down to the blue, curly waves of the sea, which, agitated by a faint breeze, swept in gentle eddying circles, flecked with foam.

"Won't you write?" asked Jimmy Clarke, angrily.

"No; I have told you I won't," replied Hunston.

"Perhaps we will find a way of persuading you, my bantam cock."

"What's the use of bullying me?" Hunston said. "Can't you write yourself? You seem to have some education."

"I can write, and read too, for that matter; not that either 'complishment's of much use to a sailor. But give us hold of the pencil, I don't want to be nasty," said Jimmy.

He took up the pencil and hastily wrote:

"To Ben Blunt, and those on board the 'Sea-horse' with him.

"Look here, old mate, you've been and gone and done it, and we ain't a-going to stand it, that's flat.

"We've got your friend Hunston—leastways he's a friend of the chap they call Jack Harkaway, and who's at the bottom of this frakement.

"Now this is the size of it.

"If so be as you don't part with the ship in twelve hours from the time of getting this writing, we shall string up Hunston.

"That means hanging of him.

"We give you twelve hours to think it over.

"Let us have our ship, and we'll shake hands and cry quits.

"Your lot shall have this island, which we'll 'vacu—cu'—"

"I say, how do you spell 'vacuate'?" said Jimmy.

Hunston told him so.

"There may be a 'e' at the end," said Jimmy; "I don't say there isn't, but blow me if there is one at the beginning, and blame me if I put one. It's vacuate, ain't it? Well, then, how can you put a 'e' at the top? Go on. It's foolishness. You'll tell me next I ain't been to school at all."

"Put it as you like," replied Hunston.

"Which will be 'vacuate the island,'" continued Jimmy; "and say no more about it, though that drugging business was a dirty bit, and no lies."

"So give up the ship, and cry go, or we'll hang this cur, Hunston.

"So no more at present, and a hoping it leaves you.

"JIM CLARK."

"Will that do, lads?" said Jim, reading it out with conscious pride.

The mutineers said it was beautiful, and evidently regarded the composition as the highest style of art.

"Now, Philips, my man, you and me will sail over to the old tub, and deliver this 'ere letter," continued Jimmy.

Hunston was again bound, and the mutineers, after seeing their companions start, began to busy themselves in preparing for breakfast.

In the cave they found a variety of articles, abandoned by Jack and his party, which came in pretty handy.

Hunston watched the boat sail off with a dogged look.

He did not expect any mercy from Jack, and thought that the attempt to get back the ship by threatening his own life, would be a failure.

On all occasions he had treated Harkaway, and Harvey, too, so infamously, that he fancied they would show more than Christian forgiveness if they raised a hand in his defence.

"I'm a bad lot," he muttered. "I'm a thorn in their side, and the sooner I'm dead and the better for them. What do they care for me?"

The mutineers left him to himself, taking no notice of him.

He could not escape; that was all they cared about.

Hunston evidently believed that his end was approaching.

No wonder he was sullen and silent.

Meanwhile the boat was on its way to the "Sea-horse."

Jack saw it long before it came near, and seeing only two men in it, did not feel much alarmed.

He called Harvey to his side and pointed it out.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

"Oh, we needn't funk," replied Harvey. "They've come to remonstrate with us, perhaps."

A white flag was run up to the top of the little mast, and Jack cried:

"Lay to!"

The mutineers hauled down their sail and hove to.

"We're unarmed," cried Jimmy Clarke; "and have brought you a letter, sir."

"Come on board, then," replied Jack. "You, I mean, the other fellow can stop in the boat."

The mutineer approached near, and in a few minutes Jimmy was on deck.

"I'm the bearer of a letter, sir," he said; "and come with a flag of truce, so of course you won't do anything to me. More by token that we've got your friend hard and fast."

"What friend?"

"Him they call Hunston."

"He's no friend of ours, my good fellow," said Jack. "You never made a greater mistake in your life."

"I thought you would say so," exclaimed Jimmy. "Howsomever, read that bit of writing."

Jack took the scrawl, and with difficulty made himself master of its contents.

"Is this a dodge?" he asked.

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired Jimmy.

"Is this a dodge of Hunston's, or are you really going to hang him because you think he has betrayed you and is a friend of ours?"

"Wish I may die, cappen," answered Jimmy, "if every word of that letter isn't gospel truth."

"You mean to hang Hunston if we don't give up this ship in twelve hours?"

"That's it, sir."

"And you give me twelve hours to decide?"

"Not a minute more. If we don't hear from you then, up he goes."

"Very well," said Jack. "I can't give you an answer off hand, but I'll think the matter over."

The mutineer inquired after his comrades, and declared that he was sorry Geary and Bouncer were alive, as they deserved killing with the others, because they had kept such a bad look-out.

"You ought never to have had this ship," he said.

"But we've got it, my friend," answered Jack.

"I know that. Well, sir, we'll expect your answer, and if you'll give us a glass of grog"—

"Not a drop. You're a mutinous dog, and I'll have nothing further to say to you," interrupted Jack.

"But sir"—

"Be off, or I'll help you," said Jack, who was indignant with the mutineers, and did not care to take the trouble to speak civilly to any of them.

Jimmy descended the side, and the sail of the boat was soon bellying to the breeze, and he returned to his companions.

"Dick!" cried Harkaway.

"Here!" replied Harvey, who had been standing at a respectful distance, and had not heard of the sail.

"Come below; we must hold a council of war."

"All right. Lead on," said Harvey.

They went into the captain's cabin.

Monday remained on deck with Bouncer.

Ben Blunt was in a hammock.

Geary had been removed, and was trying to get sober, while Mr. Mole was drinking some fine Maderia he had found in a locker, and was nibbling a ship's biscuit.

"Ah! you have come at last, Harkaway," he said. "That is my lunch. Have some lunch."

"What is it, sir?"

"Merely a biscuit and a glass of wine. Excellent Maderia. Try a glass."

Both Harvey and Jack complied with his request, and had some lunch.

"Comfortable quarters these, Harkaway. When do we sail?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Not for a day or two, sir," replied Jack.

"At, well! I leave all those things to you. Of course you'll put me in the way of getting to China. I must see after my tea garden."

"Sell it, sir. We shall not get much further up the China Sea."



"I should like to see it. I must see my tea garden, and shan't die happy if I don't," exclaimed Mr. Mole.

"What are you going to do with your wives, sir?" inquired Harvey.

"Wives! ah! Great bother, wives; but I've given them the slip, eh? Shouldn't mind Alfura so much, but Ambonia is—a—what shall I say?"

"A teaser, sir."

"She's worse than that, Harvey. She's a millstone round a man's neck. What a lovely corpse she would make, to be sure."

"I'm ashamed of you, sir," said Jack. "You don't manage her rightly, but you'll have an opportunity of making up for your bad behavior, as we are going to Limbi."

"Going—to—Limbi?" said Mr. Mole, in horrified amazement.

"Mus go."

"What for?"

"Laven't got our full complement of hands. Want niggers to make up the crew," replied Jack.

"Let 'em work. Let 'em do the work of a common seaman. I will, indeed. But don't, for the love of heaven, go to Limbi."

"..." said Jack.

"Well, then, say I'm dead. Tell them I fell fighting bravely against the Pisangs. Tell them anything, only don't give me up to the furies," supplicated Mr. Mole.

"We'll see what can be done for you, sir," replied Jack. "By the way, did you hear the news Monday brought from Limbi?"

"That my wives meant to come after me?"

"No, not that. Mrs. Mole Number One expects to become a mother."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Mole, pressing his hand to his head.

"And Mrs. Mole Number Two also has an expectation of the same sort, but isn't quite sure."

"The Lord be good to me! Two little Isaacs! Oh, Lord! what shall I do? Two little Isaac Moles, with a prospect of more," said the wretched man.

"It's nice to be a father, sir," remarked Harvey.

"Not when they're niggers; the children, I mean. No, Harvey, I cannot look forward to such a prospect with an equal mind."

"Poor little innocents! What have they done? If you don't like kids, sir?"

"Harvey, I beg of you to refrain from any indulgence in unseemly mirth on my account. I will not put up with it."

Harvey sang:

"One little Isaac,  
Two little Isaacs,  
Three little Isaac Moles."

"You can do it, sir. Perhaps Ambonia will have twins."

"Do you want to drive me mad?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Shut up, Dick; I want to talk about business!" cried Jack.

"Ah! business!" exclaimed Mr. Mole, rubbing his hands, and taking another glass of wine. "That's more in the way. I hate and abhor chaff. What is the business, may I ask?"

"The mutineers fancy Hunston has betrayed them, and mean to hang him in twelve hours if we don't give up the ship," replied Jack.

Both Harvey and Mr. Mole received this news without showing any signs of astonishment or regret.

They did not seem to care whether Hunston lived or died.

Possible of the two they would have preferred him dead.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### JACK'S GENEROSITY.

"Let them hang him," said Mr. Mole.

"So I say," remarked Harvey. "He's no good. It will save us the trouble of settling his last day."

"Give up the ship and these comfortable quar-

ters, with the choice of getting to China or home again," continued Mr. Mole. "We're not candidates for Colney Hatch lunatic asylum yet."

"Nor Hanwell, either," replied Harvey. "What do you say, Jack?"

"I don't see the force of giving up the ship," answered Jack, "and yet I don't like to leave Hunston to his fate."

"Has he ever shown you any kindness?" said Harvey.

"Was he not always your determined enemy at school, and has he not been so since?" said Mr. Mole.

"That is true; but I shouldn't like to see an old schoolfellow hanged before my eyes, as I may say."

"The sentiment does more honor to your heart than head, Harkaway," Mr. Mole said. "If I were you, I should not trouble about the scoundrel."

"But I shall, sir." You and I are two different people, and I won't leave Hunston in the hands of the mutineers."

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Mole. "This is an unfortunate determination of yours. Here have we fought valiantly for the ship, and"—

"I'm not going to give up the ship."

"Oh, that's a different thing. What is it you propose to do, then?" Mr. Mole said, much relieved.

"I shall go ashore and have a shie at the mutineers. By myself, if no one has the pluck to go with me."

"Really, I must decline the challenge," Mr. Mole replied. "The fatigues of this morning's battle have been too much for me. It was mainly owing to me that the ship was captured. Had I not gone through the porthole, and settled the man down below, I verily believe that he would fire the magazine, and then what would have become of you who were struggling on deck?"

Jack looked at Harvey, who saw the glance and comprehended it, but preserved silence.

"Won't you lend a hand, Dick, to save an old schoolfellow?" urged Jack.

"I'll tell you what it is," replied Harvey, "if it had been anybody but Hunston, I would not have hesitated a moment, but"—

He paused.

"Well, Dick?" said Jack, calmly.

"It seems to me to be folly to risk our own lives to save his."

"He's got friends, Dick. He's got a mother and father, and brothers and sisters. Won't they like to see him again, bad as he is? Think of his poor mother," said Jack.

"I wish you wouldn't be so eloquent," replied Harvey. "I shall have to give in, whether I like it or not, if you go on like that."

"He's young, Dick, not above a year or two older than we are, and he's led a wicked life, and done—what is it we say at church, Mr. Mole?"

"Those things that we ought not to have done," Harkaway. Is that what you mean?"

"That's it, sir. Well, Dick, he's got sins to repent, and you know he might turn out a decent fellow after all."

"Don't walk into my affections like that, Jack," said Harvey.

"But I must and will."

"What do you want me to do?"

"To come and save Hunston."

"How?"

"It's a time to forget his faults," said Jack.

"We must put those on one side."

"I don't know at present. We've got twelve hours to do it in. Only twelve hours. Just one day. It doesn't seem long, though it's time enough to save a man's life in."

Still Harvey was irresolute.

"Would it look well to go home and see Mr. Crawcour, and Collinson, and Mr. Stoner, and all our own friends, and tell them that we left Hunston to be hanged before our eyes, when we might have raised a hand to save him? Dick, old boy, you're not showing your proper form, you're not, indeed."

"You've licked, Jack," cried Harvey, jumping up. "I didn't think anyone could have per-

suaded me to go across the street for Hunston, but you've done it."

"You'll come?"

"Rather. I'm with you, Jack, sink or swim. They shan't say we left an old schoolfellow in the lurch."

"He had me beaten with the bamboos," remarked Harvey, "till I thought my back was being skinned."

"And he tried to harg me twice over. Never mind," replied Jack, "we'll show them all that we've got some British pluck left, and we'll save him, or—"

He paused.

"Or what, my very impulsive young friend?" asked Mr. Mole, with a cynical smile.

"Turn up your toes, sir," replied Jack.

"What may that mean?"

"Croak, sir. Get ready for your six feet of polished elm or oak, if your family can afford the luxury."

"You should not joke about such subjects, Harkaway. It is wrong. I trust neither you nor Harvey will want a coffin; but if you should, depend upon it, I will do the best I can, taking into consideration the slender resources of the country."

"Well," said Jack, "that's cool."

"I trust I am always cool in the hour of danger, Harkaway," replied Mr. Mole.

"Well, sir, laughing's better than crying, and I dare say we shall hit upon a plan of rescuing Hunston without losing our lives."

"Let us hope so."

Jack was rather annoyed with Mr. Mole for the selfish way in which he spoke, and rising, beckoned to Harvey.

"Come on, deck, Dick," he said.

"Are you going?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Yes, we are going."

"You leave me with my friend," said Mr. Mole, playfully tapping the wine bottle.

"Take care of it, sir, it's the only friend you've got, and he won't turn out a real one," replied Jack.

Directly after he had said this, he was sorry for it.

Mr. Mole got up, and running after Jack caught him close to the entrance to the cabin.

He looked hurt, and really felt hurt, for it was the first time either of the boys had said anything to him unkind or noticed his growing weakness for the bottle.

"Harkaway!" he exclaimed, touching his shoulder.

"Well, sir," replied Jack.

"You said something, which I thought very unkind, a moment ago. Did you mean it?"

Jack's heart was in his mouth in a moment.

"No, sir, I didn't," he replied, "and I'm very sorry I said it. Will you forgive me?"

"Our lot," said Mr. Mole, "is cast in a foreign land, and we are in the midst of danger. I may have drank too much, Harkaway; perhaps I have."

"No, sir."

"I'm not blind to my own faults, but it cuts me to the quick to be ridiculed by my own pupils, my dear friends, for I love you both as my own children."

"I believe you do, sir," replied Jack.

"You must not think I am a silly old man," continued Mr. Mole. "Out here I may indulge too much occasionally, but why shouldn't I? Look at the surrounding circumstances. What are they?"

"Niggers and sea, sir," replied Harvey.

"With occasional snakes and mutineers," said Mr. Mole. "But seriously, my dear boys, do not say anything rude to me again. I cannot bear it. Believe me, that however foolish I may seem to you occasionally, I do value your good opinion most highly, I do, indeed."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean anything. I didn't want to be cheeky," said Jack.

"And I'll say more, Harkaway, now I'm on the subject," Mr. Mole went on. "I admire the courage you have displayed under the most trying



circumstances. It's been a source of pride and wonder to me."

"Don't butter me too much, sir; I can't lend you half-a-crown if you want it," replied Jack, smiling.

"No, no; you must not make fun of what I say. I do my best, but I cannot equal you. However, we are not of an age, and youth is always ardent."

"That's it, sir," exclaimed Jack. "Please accept my apology for hurting your feelings. I wouldn't have done it for a fiver. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Harkaway? There's my hand." Jack took it, and grasped it heartily.

"Now we're friends, sir," he said.

"Yes, Harkaway."

"And you're perfectly satisfied?"

"Perfectly. God bless you! No one shall say that Isaac Mole ever bore malice, but I wouldn't lose the esteem of you two boys for anything. Remember that, and if I do say anything foolish, try and think well of me."

"I assure you Mr. Mole," said Jack, "that we have a strong regard for you, and if we leave you now it is because we have business to attend to."

With this assurance, Mr. Mole rested satisfied, and the boys went on deck.

"Well, Jack," exclaimed Harvey, "what's the little game now?"

"I don't know. I'm cornered," replied Jack.

"About Hunston I mean."

"I know what you mean, well enough," Jack exclaimed. "But how to get him out of the hands of those blessed mutineers is more than your humble servant, Jack Harkaway, can tell."

Harvey looked puzzled, and they were both silent for some little time.

## CHAPTER XV.

### JACK DOES HIS BEST FOR HIS OLD ENEMY.

It was some time before Jack could hit upon a plan for being of service to Hunston.

That he should not die if he could help it, he determined.

At the same time he was equally firmly resolved that he would not give up the ship to the mutineers.

As the vessel was so short-handed, he could not take anyone but Harvey with him.

We have already spoken of the two small cannon they had on board.

Looking at one of these, Jack said:

"I think I know how to do it, Dick."

"How?" asked Harvey. "I've had my thinking cap on for a long while, and can't hit upon any dodge which comes within a mile of the proper thing."

"Suppose we put one of these cannon on board the boat, load it up to the muzzle, take a slow match with us, sail into the shore, and when we get within range of the mutineers, let them have it hot and strong."

"That will do, if they will let us get near enough," said Harvey.

"The cannon," replied Jack, "will carry farther than their rifles, so that we may not be in danger."

"What if Hunston is in the line of fire?"

"He isn't at present. I have been looking through the glass, and he is tied to a tree on the left. The tree, perhaps, to which they mean to hang him."

"What are the mutineers doing?"

"Just what might have been expected—drinking and gambling. They have one or two packs of cards, and seem greatly excited. Shall we try the plan?"

"If you like. It's better than nothing."

"At once, or wait for night?"

"Oh, at once. I hate waiting," said Harvey.

"All right. Send Bouncer aft, with Monday. We will sling the gun into the boat and get ready," exclaimed Jack.

It did not take long to get the little gun into the boat.

They loaded it nearly up to the muzzle with bullets, slugs, and pieces of old iron.

With them they took a bag of similar ammunition, so as to be ready for a second discharge.

Over the gun they threw a bit of old bunting, to prevent the mutineers seeing it and having their suspicions aroused.

"Is it all ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Bouncer.

"Jump in, Dick."

Harvey took his place in the stern, and Jack followed him.

Going to give them pepper, sir?" said Bouncer, smiling grimly, as he regarded these warlike preparations, which were intended for his old comrades.

"I think I am justified in doing so," replied Jack. "They are murderers, for they killed the officers of their ship, and are consequently out of the pale of the law."

"That's right enough, sir."

"Therefore," continued Jack, "in dealing with them I need not follow the rules of civilized warfare. If I can shoot them like dogs, they deserve it, for they'd cut our throats without the least compunction, if they got the chance."

"So they would. I can't say much for them," replied Bouncer; "and I did all I could to stop the mutiny, though what is one against a dozen or more?"

"Shove her off, Dick," said Jack, who had not much faith in Bouncer's hypocritical assertions of innocence.

The boat, by dint of successive tacks, made for the shore.

As they got nearer, they clearly distinguished Hunston bound to a large palm tree on the left of the cave.

He looked very miserable.

The mutineers were gambling and quarreling, but they desisted when they saw the boat.

They thought that Jack was coming to make terms with them, and did not apprehend an attack.

"Lie down in the bows, Dick, and get the match ready."

Harvey did so, and Jack lowered the sail when they were within what he judged to be a proper distance.

Holding the tiller, he kept the nose of the boat well in front, so that Harvey might point the gun without any difficulty and in such a manner that it might do good execution.

"Ahoy, there! Ahoy!" exclaimed Jimmy Clarke, who was in the centre of his companions.

"What cheer?" replied Jack, putting his hands to his mouth to make a speaking trumpet.

"Are you coming to give up the ship?"

"Speak louder, I can't hear," said Jack, pretending he could not distinguish what was said.

"Do you agree to our terms?" continued Jimmy.

Jack bent down.

"Are you ready, Dick?" he asked.

"Half a minute," replied Harvey.

"They're all in a heap. Cover them well, and fire as soon as you can. Remember, all depends upon the first fire. They will scatter and shelter if we don't chaw them up."

"I've got a message for you," said Jack, aloud.

"What is it? Let's have it," replied the mutineer.

"Look out, then, it's coming. Now, Dick," he added, "aim low and shoot straight."

The mutineers, numbering a dozen or fourteen, were grouped together.

They were not at all prepared for the sort of message Jack was going to send them.

Only a few of them thought it advisable to stand to their arms.

Suddenly a little tongue of flame shot up in the air, as Harvey applied the lighted match.

Then there was a puff of smoke, and a sullen roar.

The next moment terrible shrieks rent the air, and more than half the number of the mutineers fell to the ground mortally wounded.

The others were so panic-stricken that they took to their heels and ran for their lives.

Jack hoisted the sail, and saying, "Stand in," grasped the tiller again, and sent the boat rolling toward the land.

Harvey held a loaded rifle in his hand, and was prepared to pick off any of the survivors who showed themselves.

"Mind the boat as well as you can, Dick, and cover me while I go ashore," exclaimed Jack.

"Aye, aye!" replied Harvey.

Setting his teeth firmly together, Jack dashed into the sea as soon as the boat grounded.

In one hand he held a pistol, in the other a knife.

His intention was to cut Hunston loose.

Running across the sand, he soon gained the tree, and with a few vigorous cuts severed the cords which bound him.

Hunston was scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses.

"How can I thank you?" he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Say nothing about it," replied Jack.

"I'd rather have owed my life to anybody else, but life is sweet, and if ever I can do you a good turn, Harkaway—"

"Never mind that. Take this pistol, and cut it to your friends, the Pisangs, as quick as you can."

"Won't you take me on board with you?"

"No; that is asking too much. Good-bye," said Jack.

He gave Hunston a friendly nod, and ran back to the boat.

At that moment Harvey's rifle was fired off with a sharp crack.

His quick eye had seen one of the escaped mutineers emerge from the cave where he had taken refuge.

He had levelled his rifle at Jack, but a leaden messenger of death cut short his career before he could pull the trigger.

Hunston was off like a shot.

He disappeared in the jungle, and the boys knew he was safe.

Jack put the boat about, and trembling with excitement, waited for the wind to catch her, and send her out to sea.

Again Harvey's rifle was discharged, and again a mutineer fell to the ground.

"They shan't show a head," he exclaimed; "if they do, I am down on them like a beaver."

"Well done, Dick," replied Jack. "I think you deserve the Victoria Cross. Do you know, I am as pleased at saving Hunston as if I had escaped myself from a great danger."

"So am I," said Harvey, adding:

"Look at those fellows. What are they up to?"

Jack looked toward the shore, and saw five of the mutineers, who had emerged from their temporary place of concealment.

They held their arms over their heads, as if to indicate that they surrendered, and were defenceless.

"Ahoy!" cried one, who appeared to be the spokesman.

"What do you want?" inquired Jack.

"Take us to your ship, sir," answered the man. "We are the only ones left alive, and we must starve on this island."

"Serve you right; you should have thought of that before," replied Jack.

"Have mercy on us, sir," continued the mutineer. "We surrender."

"But you have been guilty of mutiny on the high seas, and are murderers."

"We are very sorry. Take us prisoners, and convey us to Singapore in irons, if you like, and to take our trial," the man went on.

Jack hesitated.

"The fellows seem sorry enough, Dick," he remarked. "They're regularly licked, shall we take them on board?"

"We're very short of men, and if we pardoned them they might turn out good men and true," answered Harvey.

"All our leaders are dead, sir. We had no hand in the mutiny. It was Sam Parsons and Jimmy Clarke," said the mutineer.

"Come down to the beach, then," replied Jack, "and stand there unarmed. If you try any games on, I'll pistol the lot of you."

The mutineers did as they were directed.



Jack stood in shore and allowed them to come on board, making them sit down on the thwarts.

He held pistols in his hands in case of any treachery.

But the poor fellows were so cowed that there did not seem to be the smallest mutinous spirit left in them.

"If you'll try and look over it, sir, we'll work the ship like slaves for you," said the leader; "we will, indeed."

"I can't promise you a pardon," answered Jack. "It depends in a great measure on your own conduct. If you behave yourselves I may be inclined to say nothing about the share you had in the mutiny, though you know well enough what the British consul would do to you."

"We were misled, sir, and acted on bad advice. All we want is to return to our duty, and get back to England. We're all—every one of us—married men, sir, and have wives and children, think of that!"

"I can't say any more than I have said," Jack exclaimed. "My conduct in the matter will depend upon your own behavior, though I've a good mind to have you lashed to a grating, and give you a couple of dozen lashes apiece."

"Do that, and welcome, sir. We deserve it," replied the mutineers, in a body.

They spoke humbly enough, and in the end proved themselves very good men, and were of great use to Jack in the navigation of the ship.

He did ultimately pardon them, and he did not have them flogged as he threatened.

They were grateful for his kindness, and it was clear that after the death of their leader they were pleased enough to return to their duty.

With this accession of strength, he hove up the anchor that afternoon, and stood for Limbi to get a few natives to help up the complement of his

Mr. Mole was loud in his praises when he heard the successful result of Jack's expedition.

"A good action, Harkaway, is never thrown away," he said. "You will sleep all the better for it, and I'm sorry now that I tried to dissuade you from the enterprise. What did Hunston say?"

"We hadn't much time to talk, sir," answered Jack; "the mutineers were popping away at me."

"Did he appear thankful?"

"Very much so. He was quite doubled up by his feelings. But that wouldn't last long. He wanted to join us, and be taken on board."

"Which you of course refused?" replied Mr. Mole.

"I didn't see it, sir. A black sheep in the flock is not desirable."

"You put coals of fire on his head. Ah, well, it was a gallant action, and one you will never regret. And now, whither away, may I ask?"

"Limbi is our destination, sir," answered Jack.

"My prophetic soul!" he exclaimed, "warns me that my wives will seek to annoy me. What am I to do?"

"Do the best you can, sir."

"Bad luck will be the best, I am afraid. However," replied Mr. Mole, with a groan, "I will hide myself, and trust to fortune."

Early next morning the "Sea-horse" was standing off Limbi.

They fired a gun to give notice of their arrival to the inhabitants of Tompano.

An hour afterwards several boats put off from the shore.

In one was the new king, Selim, who reigned in the stead of Monday's father, Lanindyer, and with him were several of the most prominent chiefs.

"Where's Mole?" asked Jack of Harvey.

"I don't know; he wasn't at breakfast. He's vanished into the coal-bunk or somewhere," replied Jack.

"Ain't there some women in that last boat?"

"Yes, I can see two."

"Mole's wives, for money?" said Jack. "I'll bet a pound to a pinch of snuff they are Mole's wives."

In the meantime the little fleet of boats drew nearer.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MR. MOLE BECOMES A BASE DECEIVER.

JUST as Harkaway was speaking he saw Monday with a sheet on his arm.

"Hi, you Monday! come here," he said.

"Can't stop, sare. Monday very busy," replied the black.

"What are you doing with that sheet?"

"That one secret, sare. Mist' Mole and me do business."

"Oh, Mole's in it, is he? What's the business you've got on?" asked Harvey.

"You not tell, Mast' Harvey?"

"Not I. Out with it."

"Mist' Mole, him sham dead."

"Do what?" cried Jack and Harvey in a breath.

"Sham dead, sare," replied Monday. "Him much 'fraid him wives comes on board, so he sham dead. Monday go to lay him out and put the sheet on him. You not say a word."

"Where is he?"

"In the cabin, sare. Him lie stretched out on a table, and if Ambonia and Alfura come, I got to say he fight like a warrior and get kill."

"Oh, that's it. He's getting dodgy in his old age," remarked Jack. "Well, cut along, Monday. I shan't split."

Monday disappeared down the companion, and, turning to Harvey, Jack said:

"We must spoil old Mole somehow."

"I should like to," replied Harvey. "Fancy the beggar going to sham being dead!"

"How can we do it?"

"His sorrying wives will weep over him," said Harvey. "Can't we stick a pin in his leg and wake him up?"

"He's a base deceiver. A pin might galvanize him, only unfortunately, we haven't got one. There isn't such a thing to be had."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Harvey.

"What?"

"Tell Ambonia it's the custom in our country, when a man dies, to pull out twelve hairs from each whisker and twenty-four hairs from the

Jack laughed.

"You'll be the death of me, Dick," he said.

"And tell her," continued Harvey, "that to save trouble she can pull the hairs out in bunches, and count them afterwards."

"What is she to do with them?"

"Oh, wrap them up in a palm leaf and keep them as relics," said Harvey.

"That will do."

"We might add that the hairs from the head are to be pulled out behind, where it is most tender; and if Mole don't halloo out ten thousand murders, I'm a donkey."

"All right," said Jack; "I'll speak to her when she comes."

The boats approached nearer and nearer.

At last they came near enough for those in them to speak to those on board the vessel.

They were invited on board and a grand banquet got ready for them.

Ambonia and Alfura were in the last boat, which was filled with fruit, with which they had intended to do a trade with the strangers.

When they heard that Jack and Harvey were the commanders, they freely made them a present of their cargo.

Their first inquiry, however, was after their husband.

"I'm afraid he is very ill, if not dead," replied Jack.

"Dead!" echoed Alfura and Ambonia.

"Yes, Monday is attending upon him, and he will tell you more about it; but will you come into the cabin and see?" replied Jack.

Both the ladies set up a most cruel yelling, and Jack put his fingers into his ears.

"Don't cry like that," he replied. "He may be

all right, though I fear the worst. If he is dead, he fell fighting bravely."

"Let me see him," said Ambonia.

Alfura wept silently.

"It is our custom," continued Jack, "for the widow of a chief to pull out twelve hairs from each side of the deceased's whiskers, and twenty-four hairs from the back of his head; you may pull them out in a bunch, if you like, and, afterwards, they are to be kept in your house to remind you of your husband. Mind you do this if he is dead."

"Call Matabella," said Ambonia.

Jack went to the companion, and called Monday.

He came up, and when he saw Mr. Mole's wives, he told them with a sorrowful face, that he was no more.

"He fell fighting, and has since died of his wounds," he exclaimed.

"When did he die?" asked Ambonia.

"This morning. He is scarcely cold."

"Oh, my poor husband! He was a great chief, and his child will be fatherless," said Ambonia.

Monday done what he could to prevent them going below, but the wives could not be persuaded to stop on deck.

So Monday led the way to the cabin, followed by Jack and Harvey.

When they entered the cabin, they found Mr. Mole stretched out on a table covered with a white sheet.

Their grief was about to burst forth again, when Jack whispered:

"Remember what I told you about our customs."

"Oh, yes! We will do that," replied Ambonia.

Removing the sheet from Mr. Mole's face, she took hold of a bunch of his whiskers and gave it a sharp pull.

It did not come out.

Then she tugged again, and it yielded.

Mr. Mole gave the corner of his mouth a short conical twinge.

But he did not cry out.

"Take those hairs, and count them, Alfura," said Ambonia, "I will now try the other side of our dear husband's face."

Mr. Mole's whiskers were scanty, and there was not much hair left on the right side.

He suffered the most acute pain, but bore it like a stoic.

Setting her feet firmly on the floor of the cabin, Ambonia took another handful and pulled vigorously.

The hair came out in a bunch like the other.

Something like a stifled curse escaped from the unhappy sufferer.

"Count them, Alfura," said Ambonia, handing her the second tuft.

Alfura proceeded to do so in dolorous silence, and she bathed the grizzly hairs with her tears.

Jack approached and whispered:

"Shall I hold up his head for you?"

Ambonia nodded, and went on with her duty of affection.

She twisted her knuckles firmly in the back hair of the supposed dead man, which was long and tangled.

There was a wrench.

Mr. Mole could bear no more—the pain was too great.

He sprang up and threw the sheet from him.

The resurrection of Lazarus could not have surprised the beholders more than the sudden coming to life.

Ambonia and Alfura darted back, and looked at the late corpse with undisguised terror.

"What the deuce do you mean?" cried Mr. Mole, rubbing the injured part savagely.

"Aren't you dead, sir?" asked Harvey, stifled with laughter.

"This is your doing, Master Harvey," replied Mole. "I'll be one with you, and as for those furries, I'll be the death of one or both of them."

Jack and Harvey laughed immoderately.

The wives began to regain their courage, and advanced to their husband with a boldness which they had not shown at first.



He certainly was not dead.  
If so, he had been playing them some trick.  
Ambonia grew angry, and her yellow face glowed with passion.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## RUNNING A MUCK.

In his anger, Mr. Mole caught hold of Monday by the ear and shook him.

"You've betrayed me," he cried, "and I'll have it out of you."

"No, sare; not me, sare," replied Monday. "You let go um ear, sare."

"I'll give it you, you black swab," continued Mr. Mole.

Fortunately for Monday Ambonia rushed up and pushed her husband away.

"Him dead man just now," remarked Monday, grinning with pain; adding, "Oh, golly, how um pull um ear."

Mr. Mole grasped a chair, and brandishing it in the air, threatened to strike anyone who came near him.

The woman shrank back, crying:

"Amok, amok."

This is a word of peculiar significance among the Malay tribe.

If a man is unhappy with his wife, unsuccessful in business, and miserable in any manner, he does "amok."

That is to say, he runs into the street with a knife and stabs everyone he can meet.

In return for this the inhabitants raise the cry of "amok!" and run after him with whatever weapon they can obtain.

Eventually he is killed like a mad dog.

It is the Malay mode of committing suicide.

The custom has become proverbial among Englishmen abroad, under the term of running a muck.

Even Monday got out of the way, thinking Mr. Mole was going to "amok."

Jack advanced to Mr. Mole, fearing from his wild appearance that he would do somebody some harm.

"I say, sir?" he said.

"Well, Harkaway, what is it? Keep off, I'm desperate," replied Mole.

"Turn it up, sir."

"I tell you I'm desperate. I tried a little plan of my own, and that black thief betrayed me; may his father, the devil, seize him."

"Are you going off your nut, sir?" asked Jack.

"Let me get at him! I'll pound him!" cried Mr. Mole, making a dash at Monday.

"Amok! amok!" exclaimed the terrified women, fully believing that their liege lord and master had gone mad, and was about to run a muck; and, "Amok! amok!" cried Monday, who also thought the same thing.

The wives rushed up on deck, followed by Monday.

"Amok! amok!" rang through the ship.

The native chiefs heard the cry, and they, too, grew alarmed and sought the deck.

"Amok! amok!" cried everybody, with as much terror as we in England say, "Mad dog! mad dog!"

The chiefs drew the dreaded creese, or curved knife so common among the Malay tribes.

Everyone stood on the defensive.

When they saw it was a white man who was "amoking," and that white man was Mr. Mole, the great Tuan Biza of the whites, they forbore to strike.

Jack ran on deck after him, and exclaimed in the native language:

"Don't touch him! He's all right."

"Am I all right?" replied Mr. Mole, hitting King Selim on the head with the chair.

Selim fell to the deck stunned.

"Dropped him like a bullock," continued Mr. Mole, with a ghastly grin. "Who is the next gentleman?"

Turning to Harvey, Jack said:

"Mole's cranky, and no humbug about it!"

Madura, the old chief, came up to remonstrate with the white man.

But Mr. Mole was ready for him.

"I'll floor you," he said, "if you come any nearer."

"Listen to the words of wisdom," replied Madura. "You have married our princess, and you are dear to us as"—

"Bother the words of wisdom! Take that!" interrupted Mr. Mole.

Madura fell by the side of the king and the Limbian chiefs began to get angry.

Knives flashed in the sun.

Again the ominous cry of "Amok, amok!" rose on the air.

Ambonia and Alfura now made their appearance on deck.

Alfura fell fainting into Monday's arms.

But Ambonia, being made of sterner stuff, ran to her husband.

"Put down that chair, and come home," she exclaimed.

"Never!" replied Mr. Mole; adding, "Mind your eye!"

He made a push at her with the chair, and struck her in the mouth with one of the wooden legs.

Ambonia began to cough and choke and fell on her back in strong convulsions.

"She's swallowed a tooth," said Jack.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Mr. Mole, with the light of insanity in his eye. "Who's the next? Will you kindly keep the ball rolling?"

Nobody seemed inclined to oblige him, and the knives flashed more ominously than ever in the sunlight.

The Limbians were waiting for him to make a rush down the deck, where they were prepared to cut short his mortal career as quickly as possible.

But Ambonia was a woman of spirit.

She was one of those estimable women you do not knock down for nothing.

It is true she had swallowed a tooth, as Jack had surmised.

But what then?

She was for the moment subdued, not conquered, and as soon as the tooth was properly down and she could breathe again, she was on her feet.

Advancing to Mr. Mole with the quickness of a cannon-ball, she grasped the chair which he brandished on high, and a desperate struggle took place between them.

"Amok! amok!" cried the natives, advancing threateningly.

Wresting himself free from Ambonia's grasp, Mr. Mole sprang on the taffrail, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed:

"Thus do I free myself from the strange women, and the house of bondage!"

With that he cast himself headlong into the sea and disappeared.

Jack was now fully assured that Mr. Mole had really gone out of his mind for a time.

"Man overboard!" cried Bouncer, who was standing near.

Jack had an idea that Mr. Mole could not swim, and was determined to save him at all hazards.

"Lower a boat and man her!" he exclaimed.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Bouncer. "We saved two hundred and fifty men off the coast of Africa, and"—

"Hang your yarns! Obey orders!" shouted Jack.

He caught sight of Harvey, who was taking off his jacket.

"Toss who does it, Dick!" he exclaimed.

"All right," said Harvey; "I've got a coin in my pocket. First time. Man or woman?"

He put a small coin between his hands, and Jack said:

"Man!"

"Man it is; over you go," said Harvey.

The next moment Jack was diving like an otter after Mr. Mole.

He fortunately saw him as he rose to the surface, and grasping him by the arm held him up.

In a short time the boat which had been duly lowered under Harvey's superintendence came up.

Mr. Mole was insensible and raved incoherently as if stricken with a fever.

They drew him on board, and put him to bed in what they call the sick bay or hospital.

Ben Blunt was still an inmate of this cabin, but he could get about a little and readily undertook to nurse and look after Mr. Mole.

"I've seen many a fever, sir," he remarked, "cured 'em too; they're common enough in these latitudes. The gentleman may be bad for a few weeks, but it'll do him good afterwards."

"He's very ill, Ben," replied Jack.

"Yes, sir; it's the mental excitement. He's been worked upon."

"So he has, Ben."

"And there's another thing, sir; he's had a good drop to drink lately, as I know of and shouldn't wonder if it wasn't no real fever after all."

Ben Blunt shook his head significantly as he spoke.

"No fever, Ben?" said Jack.

"No, sir. It's the delirium tremblings; that's what it is."

"Keep your eye on him, Ben, and say nothing to anybody. I must go on deck, and see to the women."

"Very well, sir," replied the boatswain.

"This affair has upset the banquet. We were going to put on a feed for the natives."

"Lor! love you, sir, they can allers eat," said Ben; "and they'll be none the worse for waitin'. Though I may say as I did laugh that he'll, as I was fit to bust, when I heard them sayin' 'amok, amok,' and saw the gentleman lookin' them beautiful."

Jack took leave of Ben, after exacting another assurance that he would look after the patient.

Then he went on deck.

Harvey had kept the women quiet, and was trying to explain matters to the chiefs.

The king and Madura were not much hurt, and under the soothing influence of a glass or two of good wine, which was handed round by Monday, speedily regained their good temper.

Ambonia begged to be taken to her husband.

Jack was obliged to refuse this request, though he told her she might see him later in the day.

It was soon understood that Tuan Biza Mole had been attacked by fever.

"He'll be all right in a short time," said Jack to the two wives, "and I know he really loves you both, though of the two I think he's rather spooney on you, Ambonia."

The lady's eyes flashed at this announcement, which pleased her greatly.

"Will he come on shore, and go to live with us at Tompano, when he gets better?" she asked.

"Of course he will; he's only too anxious."

"Bless him," said Ambonia, in her own language, "I could go and kiss every bit of him."

It was lucky Mr. Mole did not hear this expression of affection on the part of his biggest wife or he might have died there and then.

Jack succeeded in assuring her that Mr. Mole had in the morning been attacked with a faintness, that Monday thought was death, and that no one had played any trick upon her.

After that he gave her his arm, and led her into the chief cabin.

Harvey took Alfura in, and the chiefs followed in order of merit.

The banquet consisted of all the eatables and drinkables they found in the ship.

Jack had arranged for the pardoned mutineers to wait at table, which they did with great steadiness.

The banquet passed off capitally. All the chiefs enjoyed themselves immensely, and some drank so much wine that they had to be helped out and put gently into their boats.

Alfura and Ambonia had a look at Mr. Mole before they went on shore.

This time they were satisfied that he was really



ill, and said they would bring him some fruit in the morning.

Harvey gave Alfura a kiss on the sly, as he handed her over the ship's side, and she squeezed his hand in return.

Such are wives in Limbi.

King Selim readily lent Jack half a dozen of his subjects to help work the ship.

It was understood that they should be sent back again to their native land, and they were chosen by Monday from among his personal friends.

So popular were the white men, that they could have got a hundred men if they had wanted them.

Instead of the question being who should not go, there was a rush of men of all ages to get the chance.

When all was ready for sailing, Jack went ashore to return the complimentary visit of the Limbians.

He had also an object in going.

Madura was an old chief of great knowledge and experience.

He wished to ask him some questions about the City of the Golden Towers.

Who more likely than the venerable Madura to give him the information he sought?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AYOUB.

On arriving at Tompano, Jack sought Madura and explained as briefly as he could the object he had in view.

"I want," he said, "to recover this English girl, Emily, before I return to England."

"You say," said the Madura, "that she has gone with the fugitive Pisangs to the City of the Golden Towers?"

"Yes. Do you know where it is?"

"I do. I have been there," replied Madura.

"Have you?" cried Jack, joyfully. "That's your sort, old man. That will do; tell us all about it."

"I cannot give you much information," replied Madura; "and for this reason"—

Jack's countenance fell again.

"I was very young when my father and I were out fishing, and the pirates captured us. My father died in the City of the Golden Towers, and I lived there some years."

"How did you get back here?"

"I escaped with some others in a boat, and can only dimly remember a great city, very rich, with many ships; and all the people pirates."

"That is a nice place indeed for my poor little Emily to be sent to," said Jack.

"Your Emily is young and beautiful," said Madura, "and they will guard her as carefully as they would a pearl of Sirendib."

"I hope so, I'm sure. But can't you tell us how to steer to get to this wonderful city of pirates?"

Madura shook his head.

"There is one amongst us who can, if he will," he said, after a thoughtful pause; "and that is old Ayoub, the Arab. He is a great sailor, and was a pirate himself once, some say."

"Where is he to be found?" asked Jack.

"He has a house here in Tompano. You must have seen him, for he attends the council. It is now ten years since he came ashore in a boat and became friends with us, settling down and taking a Limbian woman to wife."

"Let us go to him. Is he very old?"

"No. Though his hair is tinged with gray, he is younger than he looks," replied Madura.

"Will he pilot us to this city?"

"Ask him. I dare say he will."

"They walked to the house occupied by Ayoub, the Arab, who was sitting outside, with a little curly-haired child on his knee, that was just learning to call him father."

Madura, in a few words, explained to the venerable looking man the object which Jack had in view.

"He has got a good ship, plenty of men, arms, ammunition, and provisions. All he now wants is to discover the City of the Golden Towers, rescue his beloved Emily, and return to his own land," concluded Madura.

Ayoub's eyes flashed with a keenness that showed he could remember the scene of his early days.

"Is it not written," he said "that the old man may be overthrown, and the wise man may be confounded, but the patient man overcometh?"

"I'm not in a hurry, governor," replied Jack: "and am rather in favor of taking things easy."

"There are few nations and countries, my son, that I have not seen," continued Ayoub. "Most of my countrymen travel from the Bar-el-Sham to the Bar-el-Gemm" (really, Syria to Arabia Felix), "and say they have seen the world, but I"—

"I'll tell you what I'll do," interrupted Jack, who saw that the Arab was a prosy old fellow, whatever else he might be.

"Speak. Is it not well to listen; so say all the men of understanding."

"I'll give you and your wife and kids a free passage to Arabia, if you will come on board and pilot us to this city of the pirates."

The old man's eyes sparkled.

"You have well said oh, my son," he replied. "These old eyes yearn to behold my friends and relations once more. I would fain lay my bones with my fathers."

"Do you accept my terms?" said Jack.

"Yes, I will go with you," said Ayoub. "When I reached this land in a little boat, and all those who had sailed with me were dead and gone, I was received with kindness, which I have endeavored to repay by lifting my voice in the council, but I thought to die here. You come to me, young man, like pleasant water to the traveler in the desert, and behold, I find your speech good."

"Pack up your traps," exclaimed Jack, "as soon as you like. Say good-bye, and don't take any more luggage than is absolutely necessary. By the way, is the missis agreeable?"

"My wife obeyeth me in all things," replied the Arab. "For is it not written that 'a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband?'"

"You are sure that you can pilot us to the City of the Golden Towers," continued Jack.

An expression of lofty scorn sat on the old man's face.

"The dreams of the young," he said, "are stronger than the realities of the old; but for many years I have steered the ships of the pirates in these China seas. So that they are become familiar to me as a well trodden path-way."

"How many days will it take us to get there?"

"When one moon shall have come and gone, then shall we behold the towers of the Golden City," replied Ayoub.

"That means a month," replied Jack. "Time enough, too."

He returned to the ship, however, much pleased at having obtained a guide to the mysterious city.

The next day the ship sailed.

Ayoub took the post of pilot, and directed the vessel's course.

In a short time both Mr. Mole and Ben Blunt were well enough to get about again.

Mole's wives had been assured that their husband would return to them in a month or two.

They were desirous of accompanying him on the voyage, but this Jack could not permit.

Each hung a charm round his neck, to guard him from evil spirits.

Alfura's charm was a dried tree toad, and Ambonia's the tail of a snake also dried.

Whether they were efficacious or not, the fever did not last a few days, and he went about as usual.

As far as Jack could make out, Ayoub caused the ship to skirt the Malay peninsula, going towards Cape Pantani.

Everyone was well on board, and in high spirits.

Harvey did not leave Ayoub.

He communicated his suspicions to Jack, who laughed at his fears.

"The old fellow talks to himself, and smiles when no one is looking, as he thinks, at him," said Harvey.

"He's all right enough," replied Jack, carelessly.

"I don't know so much about that," continued Harvey. "We are going amongst Malay pirates."

"Well?"

"Well," said Harvey, "they are a daring and bloodthirsty race. This Ayoub has been amongst them."

"What then?"

"He may intend to betray us. I don't say he will, still we should keep an eye on him," said Harvey.

This conversation produced a great impression on Jack.

He watched Ayoub narrowly, but did not for some time discover anything that would lend confirmation to the suspicions Harvey's remarks had excited in his mind.

## CHAPTER XIX.

H. M. S. "VICTOR."

AYOUB, the pilot, seemed a harmless, inoffensive man, and Jack could see no just ground for the suspicions in which Harvey indulged.

He had undertaken to guide him to the City of the Golden Towers, and he appeared to be keeping his word to the best of his ability.

How Jack longed to reach that mysterious nest of the Malay pirates, that hidden stronghold, where the defeated Pisangs had gone, and where Emily was a prisoner.

A slight incident occurred which tended to give some confirmation to Harvey's injurious remarks about Ayoub.

After they had been some days out, they sighted a large ship.

Ben Blunt was standing by Jack's side, and before a glass was brought to bear upon her, Ben said:

"I'm a Dutchman, sir, if that's not a man-of-war."

"Yankee?" asked Jack.

"No; she's not a Yankee either. That's one of Her Britannic Majesty's cruisers. I ought to know the shape of 'em if any one does, seeing I served aboard for so many years."

"What's she doing out here, Ben?"

"After the pirates, maybe; or going from one station to another. Lor, sir, England's such a great power by land and sea, that she's got ships and armies, leastways regiments, pretty high everywhere."

"Cut down below, Ben, and see that the cabin is all straight and ship-shape," exclaimed Jack.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"If I've got to receive on board my ship one of the captains in the Royal Navy, I should not like him to go away with the impression that we are a set of lubbers. You know how to do it, and how things ought to be, Ben?"

"Do you think I'm a sucking porpoise, sir?" said Ben, in a tone of indignation.

He went below to execute his orders, and the two ships gradually neared each other.

It soon became clear enough that Ben's sharp eyes had not deceived him.

The approaching vessel was a man-of-war, and the mutineers whom Jack had taken on board getting wind of it, came aft.

"I ax your pardon, Captain Harkaway," said the foremost, "but here's one of the Queen's ships."

"What of that?" replied Jack.

"We've tried to do our duty, sir, and we're only poor fellows who were misled by others. You're not going to send us to Singapore, to be punished for the mutiny? Give us your word, sir, that's all, or we'd rather jump overboard."

"Go forward, and do your duty," answered Jack, "I shan't be hard on you."

"But sir"—

"Do you hear when you are spoken to?" cried Jack in a commanding tone he could assume when he liked. "Be off."



The men touched their hats and went forward, much comforted in the way Jack spoke to them, although they were not quite relieved from a fear of the consequences of their actions.

The man-of-war fired a gun as a signal that the "Sea-horse" was to lay to, which she did.

Then a boat was lowered and manned, pulling towards the merchantman.

Mr. Mole, who, like Mr. Blunt, had recovered from his illness, heard the news and came on deck.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "a ship, I perceive, Harkaway, a big ship. They tell me one H. M. S., which I presume you are aware is short for Her Majesty's service. They have lowered a boat. They propel it in man-of-war fashion through the waves and they near us perceptibly."

"They'll board us directly, sir," exclaimed Jack.

"And why so? Is not our ship private property, and why should they board us?"

"Nothing unfriendly about it, sir. There's opium smuggling going on, and pirates are about in these seas. They want to see our papers, and know who we are."

"Ah, I apprehend I may be of service to you," said Mr. Mole. "My age, my manner, my position as a landowner in China, will give me weight with our visitors. They will treat me with more deference than they would bestow upon a mere boy."

"Mere boy as you call me," said Jack, biting his lips with annoyance, "I can manage my affairs better than anyone can manage them for me."

"Listen to reason, Harkaway, I"—

"Mr. Mole," interrupted Jack, "without wishing to be in the least degree in the world discourteous to you, I must tell you, once for all, that you are only a passenger on board this ship and the sooner you recognize the fact the better it will be for all parties."

"Oh! as you please, as you please," replied Mr. Mole, shrugging his shoulders. "If you reject my well-meant offer of assistance, I can only regret your utter want of appreciation."

He walked away along the deck in high dudgeon.

In a short time the boat ran alongside, and an officer came on board.

He looked around him and stared, when Jack said:

"I am the captain of this ship, sir; anything you have to say I shall be happy to hear."

"You!" repeated the officer, who was a naval lieutenant about forty years of age, dressed in uniform, and who, from want of interest, had not been able to attain a higher rank.

"I have already had the honor to inform you that I am the captain of this vessel, and if you doubt my word I will give you satisfactory proof of the truth of what I say."

"I beg your pardon. You are so young that I trust you will forgive my momentary hesitation," said the officer.

"And who may I be talking to?" asked Jack.

"I am Lieutenant Skeffington, of H. M. S. 'Victor,' Commander Dacres, cruising in the China Seas in search of pirates, who have done a vast amount of mischief lately amongst the English and other merchantmen."

"Will you follow me into my cabin? We can talk more at our ease there," continued Jack.

The lieutenant bowed, and Jack, preceded by Ben Blunt, conducted his visitor into the cabin.

Directly Lieutenant Skeffington was seated and saw Ben, he said:

"I have seen you before, my man."

"Your honor's right," replied Ben. "I was bo'sun on board the 'Rattlesnake,' Captain Howard, nigh upon two years ago, and your honor was second luff."

"I remember you taking your discharge when we were paid off. I consider your presence on board this ship as a guarantee of the respectability of its captain," said Lieutenant Skeffington.

Ben bowed and scraped in true sailor fashion in recognition of the compliment, and retired outside the door, waiting within call.

Jack in as few words as possible, explained to the lieutenant how he came to be in his present position, and why he was going to the pirates' stronghold.

"You have had some strange adventures, Mr. Harkaway," said the lieutenant. "Wrecked, cast on a desert island, nearly killed by savage head-hunters—you are quite a hero of romance, and will be the lion of the London drawing-rooms on your return to your own country."

"I have no wish to be a lion," replied Jack, laughing.

"Those who go down to the sea in ships, become acquainted with strange perils. However, I hope you will find, and rescue this young lady in whom you take such a laudable interest. We too, are in search of this City of the Golden Towers."

"Do you know its position?"

"We do not, though we are told it is somewhere near here, on the coast of the Malay peninsula. Has not the pilot, Ayoub of whom you speak, told you where it is situated?"

"No, he is very reserved. He says he will take me to the city, but he is not at all inclined to be communicative," said Dick.

"It is our intention to burn all the ships we can find, and then blow the town about the ears of the pirates. We might sail in consort."

"With pleasure. The 'Victor' would be an agreeable companion."

"Do you mind sending for this Ayoub? I will put some questions to him."

"Certainly."

Jack called Ben, and despatched him for the pilot, with whom he presently returned.

The venerable Arab looked suspiciously at Lieutenant Skeffington, and asked what his pleasure was with him.

"What is the position of the pirates' stronghold, and how are we to steer to it?" asked the lieutenant.

Ayoub's face assumed a sullen demeanor.

"I am not at liberty to make any disclosures," he answered.

"And why not?"

"Because you would go there in an unfriendly spirit. Those Malays, pirates though they may be, were once my friends."

"That is as much as admitting that you were a pirate yourself."

Ayoub turned paler under his dusky skin.

"No," he said, "you do not speak the words of truth. I was not one of them, though they saved my life, and my lot was cast among them for many months."

"You have undertaken to conduct Captain Harkaway to the city?"

"I have; but he means no harm."

"What is to prevent us from following in your wake, and stringing you up to the yard-arm if you play us false?" asked the lieutenant, fixing his clear gray eyes searchingly upon him.

"My poor life is of little value, and if an English officer thought fit to hang the poor Arab, he would be welcome to do so; yet would Ayoub, if he saw the British man-of-war following this merchantman, run her upon a rock, so that all should perish."

"The villainous old scoundrel!" muttered Skeffington, adding aloud, "you would destroy the ship and all on board of her."

As surely as the water-logged and dismantled vessel, when caught by a swift current, rushes swiftly to her doom, so would Ayoub steer the "Sea-horse" to the waters of death.

"But reflect, Ayoub," said Jack; "those pirates are bloodthirsty villains; they murder people and sink ships; they are the robbers of the sea; do they not deserve death?"

"Ayoub has spoken."

"I am very much displeased with you. Return to your duty," exclaimed Jack, angrily. The old man saluted, and retired.

"He would be as good as his word, too," said the lieutenant. "Can you do without him?"

"Impossible. There is no one on board who knows where this mysterious city is but Ayoub, and I might wander up and down a dangerous coast, of which I have no chart, for months, and never find it."

"I have heard that it is placed some miles up the mouth of a river. However, if you must have Ayoub's services, we cannot keep your company, that is evident."

"It is my loss."

"You are very good to say so," answered the lieutenant, politely. "I will make a favorite report of you to my captain, and I hope we shall not be long in finding out the town."

"I hope so, too."

"I have a word of advice to give you. Beware of that old man."

"Why? He is honest enough," said Jack.

"I don't think so," answered the lieutenant, shaking his head gravely. He has a bad face. His eyes are full of deceit, and I fear he means to betray you."

"He will be clever if he does."

"His refusal to allow us to accompany you tells against him, but if you should be given up to the pirates"—

"By Ayoub?"

"Yes."

"We would fight to the last man, first," said Jack.

"Aye, aye, that is all very well, but you can't fight against treachery. Should you be a prisoner, will your friends, when we come to the city, and commence shelling it—for all things are possible—hoist a white flag over the house in which you are? and I will direct our gunners to spare that particular building."

Jack smiled incredulously.

"I hope, Lieutenant Skeffington," he replied, "that you are taking too gloomy a view of what may happen."

"I hope so, too. Promise me, nevertheless, that you will remember my undertaking."

"Certainly I will, and I thank you very much for the kindness you have shown in thinking so far ahead of the chances of war."

"And now, farewell," said Skeffington.

"Can I offer you any refreshment?"

"Thanks, none at present. Is there anything we can send you? Medical stores, or things of that sort?"

Jack declined the offer.

The lieutenant rose, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Harkaway," he said; "you have displayed great tact and courage under very trying circumstances, and you are an honor to the service: I feel that the royal navy has suffered a heavy loss in not having you as one of its sons."

Jack uttered his thanks at this praise, and conducted the lieutenant to the side of the vessel.

As he was getting into his boat, he said:

"Once more, keep an eye on that villainous Arab."

"Never fear," replied Jack.

In less than a minute the oars fell into the water, and the measured sound of their rise and fall in the row-locks fell upon the ear with that regularity which only a man-of-war's crew can produce.

"Now, my lads," said Jack, "give them a cheer. Don't be afraid of it. Three times three, and let it be a rouser."

Instantly the members of the crew, who had congregated on deck, gave a tremendous cheer in true British fashion.

The man-of-war's men acknowledged the compliment by raising their oars, and standing them upright in the centre of the boat.

Then they fell with a splash, and the launch returned to H. M. S. "Victor," which looked the picture of beauty as she rode proudly on the rippling waves.



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CASTAWAYS.

JACK was rather alarmed at the confirmation which Harve's suspicions had received.

It was strange that Ayoub should show such a decided disinclination to have the *Victor* for a consort.

And yet, on consideration, Jack made excuses for his behavior, and who had been kind to him.

However, he was sincere in his determination to find out, and nothing would have induced him to turn out of his course.

Harvey was anxious to know what had passed between the man-of-war and the *Victor*.

Jack repeated their conversation.

"What did I tell you?" said Harvey; "I knew that Arab was a bad lot."

"He won't do us any harm," replied Jack.

"I don't feel so sure about that. You are too easy-going."

"My dear Dick, if one was always to fancy danger ahead, one would be worried into the grave. Time enough to face it when the peril comes," answered Jack.

"If I saw any inclination of foul play I'd shoot him through the head as a warning to others."

"So I will. He shall have a bullet through his head in double-quick time," Jack said.

The man-of-war set her sails, and was soon lost to sight in the distance.

"Where away?" asked Jack.

"Aboard the beam," was the reply.

Jack gave orders to bear down upon it, and in about an hour, a small boat was seen on the water.

Whether there was any one in or not could not be distinguished.

But as the *Sea-horse* got nearer, the body of a human being was discovered lying down between the thwart, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion.

Lowering a boat, Jack had the castaway brought on board.

He was laid on the deck, and seemed to be only just alive, if the spark of life was not already extinguished.

As Jack's eyes fell on his face, he uttered a cry of amazement.

"Dick!" he exclaimed, "come here."

Harvey was by his side in a moment.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Don't you see?"

"See what?"

"The fellow's face. It is Hunston."

"Bless my soul! so it is; but how altered," replied Harvey. "He is pinched with hunger. Case of starvation. Poor beggar."

"Beggars, indeed!" said Jack, visibly annoyed. "I almost wish I hadn't seen him, and that the man-of-war had never brought him on board."

"I don't mean to; but it looks like he done it on purpose."

Harvey could not help smiling at this view of the case.

"Have him put in a bunk," he said, "and attended to. Ben! Where's Ben Bunt?"

"Present, sir," replied Ben, coming.

"Here is a man you have seen before."

"I saved his life, if you remember."

"They say a bad penny will be sure to turn up, sir," remarked Ben.

"Have him taken below, please," said Jack, "and pour some soup down his throat; he is in the last stage of exhaustion. Do what you can for him, Ben."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the boatswain.

Hunston, pale, emaciated, scarcely breathing, was attended to with a care peculiar to sailors when cases of distress are brought before their notice.

Monday brought a report a couple of hours later, that the sick man was progressing favorably.

"He eat um soup, sarr," he replied, "and he wink at um with um eye."

"That a good sign, Monday?" asked Harvey.

"Um good sign, sarr, when um wink um eye," replied Monday.

"All right. Keep near him. He shan't say we are behind the age in civilization; we are not barbarians, and he knows it."

"Two?"

"Yes, Hunston if he lives—and Ayoub, that is, if your are well founded."

He had found a box of books in the captain's cabin, and he passed the principal part of his time in rolling on a couch near an open port-hole, smoking some good cigars, which he had also found and "requisitioned," and drinking brandy and water, which he called brandy pawnee.

"Fine thing, brandy pawnee," he said. "Stuff all Indian gentlemen drink; that is to say, all gentlemen—"

"—and drink; for we can't call it brandy pawnee, what not, gentle-

men."

"Now, my dear boy, I am in the noon-tide of life. I have a tea-garden in China. Circumstances alter case."

"I am in the noon-tide of life. I have a tea-garden in China. Circumstances alter case."

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"Monday," said Jack.

"Coming, sarr, replied Monday, who was in the center of a group of sailors, whom he was entertaining with an account of Hunston's villainy.

"Isn't Hunston on board the *Sea-horse*?"

"For sartin, Mast' Jack; wuss luck. No good come to ship while villain Hunston on board of him," said Monday.

"Don't call names, Monday," said Harvey.

"Is this a joke, Harkaway?" said Mr. Mole. "If so, it is a very bad one, and I will cudgel this black fellow for joining in it."

Monday grinned.

"Candidly, sir, it is no joke. We picked Hunston up this morning, lying in an exhausted condition in a boat."

"All by himself?"

"Quite alone," replied Jack.

"Where is he now?"

"Monday will show you."

"Come, my colored friend," said Mr. Mole, "I must behold him with my own eyes; seeing is believing. No offence to you, Harkaway. Lead on, Monday."

"Dilly-dilly!" said Monday, and led the way. Harvey put his tongue in his cheek, and Mr. Mole, turning sharply round, said—

"Harkaway, it is too bad of you to make fun of my poor attempt at a song. I will never oblige you again in a similar manner."

"Don't say that, sir," replied Jack, as he moved away.

"Mole's awfully touchy about his song," he added to Monday.

"Yes, he knows it's a bad one, and he would not have sung at all, if he had not been made, so he gets need-ed."

Presently Mr. Mole came back.

"Have you seen him, sarr?" asked Jack.

"Yes, but what a wack!"

"Are you satisfied?"

"I am not," replied Mr. Mole, emphatically. "I look upon Hunston's presence in this ship as a fertile source of disaster. How do you suppose he come into that boat?"

"That's what the father asked about his son in Mother's comedy: 'How the deuce did he get into the boat?'" replied Jack.

"I think I can make a guess," cried Harvey. "He must have started with some Pirates for the City of the Golden Towers, a storm came on—"

"Or they had a free fight," put in Jack.

"That's probable, at all events. The remainder of the crew were washed or thrown overboard, Hunston remained alone, and couldn't manage the boat by himself. Starvation ensued, as he lost his way in the pathless ocean."

"Don't become poetical, Dick," exclaimed Jack.

"Why shouldn't I, if I choose? You show me a road on the sea, and I'll never apply the epithet pathless ocean to it again."

"Have a care, Harkaway, how you warm a viper in your bosom," said Mr. Mole.

"I am not in the habit, sir, of imparting artificial heat to vermin of that description," replied Jack.

"Nonsense! You know what I mean."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I do not."

"Then," said Mr. Mole, "you are more obtuse than I gave you credit for being; I spoke figuratively. Mind that, if you are kind to Hunston, he does not, as he has done before, turn round upon you."

"I'll keep my weather eye open, sir. But you would not have had me turn the poor beast adrift in the state in which we found him," said Jack.

"Well, no; on consideration, decidedly no. There is something which beats under the fifth rib, Harkaway, which connects a more human course."

"The heart?" said Jack.

"Precisely; you have guessed rightly. We have hearts, we must be human. We are Christians, and must play the part of the good Samaritan. Will any of you come into the cabin and partake of pawnee?"

"Don't mind if I do so. Ben is waiting," said Jack.

"Yes, just a little go in at the higher mathematics, Harkaway. Having the advantage of looks, one must keep one's hand in," replied Mr. Mole.

Harvey and Jack followed him into the cabin to have some brandy pawnee, and Harvey whistled red.

"The old humbug. Do you know what he has been reading? It's not mathematics at all. I looked at the book while he had it under his arm."

"What was it, then?"

"A French novel," answered Harvey, laughing.

It must be confessed that Mr. Mole was a bit of a humbug.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE STORM.

THE boys stayed in the cabin with Mr. Mole until that man became very good tempered, and was more

pleased than ever with his brandy pawnee.

Feeling an increased motion of the ship, Jack said the wind was rising.

"Let it rise," replied Mr. Mole, grandly. "I trust we are superior to changes of the weather. In my young days, I knew the time when I was very glad to raise the wind."

"Uncle, sir?" said Harvey.

"Precisely so, but not for luxuries or superfluities. If I spent money, it was on my studies. Books, Harvey, were what I bought. I could live on a crust of bread and a glass of water for a week."

"You've changed a good bit since then, sir. Haven't you?" said Jack.

"Now, my dear boy, I am in the noon-tide of life. I have a tea-garden in China. Circumstances alter case."

"I am in the noon-tide of life. I have a tea-garden in China. Circumstances alter case."

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"I am in the noon-tide of life. I have a tea-garden in China. Circumstances alter case."

"What, sir?"

"It's the case of the square peg in the round hole, Harkaway."

"Am I a square peg?" asked Jack.

"Very square, and to use a vulgar expression, you may find yourself in a hole. You should have made good use of your time and have learnt navigation."

"I know a little, enough for everyday use, sir," Jack said.

"It's my opinion there is only one man on board this ship who knows how to work it," Mr. Mole continued.

"Who's he?" said Harvey.

"Myself, Harvey. Isaac Mole, your humble servant."

Jack laughed.

"Do not laugh, my young, but still intelligent friend," Mr. Mole exclaimed. "It is not becoming to laugh at those older than yourself. I have an observant eye."

"Did you ever see a whale, sir?"

"That question shows a want of respect, and I shall devote my conversation to Harvey," answered Mr. Mole, in high dudgeon.

"Certainly, sir," Harvey said. "Curious creatures, whales, ain't they?"

"If you indulge also in the puerile amusement called chaff, I shall retire into myself, smoke the cigar of peace, and hold my peace," said Mr. Mole, mixing himself another pawnee.

Monday entered the cabin.

"Good-morning, Monday," said Mr. Mole, forgetting that he had seen him before that day.

"It's not morning, Monday, now, sir," remarked Jack.

"Fh?"

"It's Monday afternoon, sir," said Jack, perpetrating a joke, and adding—"What is it, Mon?"

"Um Ben Bunt want Mast' Jack. The weather, him getting very bad, sarr."

"Hang me if I didn't think so," replied Jack, rising with an uneasy expression of face.

"It's Mast' Hunston, sarr; him like um Mother Carey's chicken. When him come on board all go wrong," exclaimed Monday.

"I am not superstitious enough to believe that, though I don't like the look of things at all."

Suddenly the ship gave a lurch.

She was struck by a heavy squall, and heeled a hove on the left side.

The men were all at their stations, and toaching his hat, Ben reported to Jack, as he hurried on deck, that the foresail was split.

"Bend another," replied Jack.

The crew set to work, unbent the split foresail and bent another.

For some hours the weather got worse.

They experienced a succession of heavy squalls, and shipped water.

At four o'clock a heavy sea burst into the main deck, sweeping water tanks and loose gear overboard.

"Go forward, Dick, and ask Ben to ascertain if the cargo has shifted," said Jack.

Harvey returned with Ben, who said he thought the first tier had shifted a little, but not to an extent of any consequence.

"What's the damage?" asked Jack.

"It's carried away the mainsheet," replied Ben, "and the peak b'yard."

"Anything else?"

"Monday reports that the cabin windows are smashed in."

"Man the pumps," exclaimed Jack; "and at the same time secure cargo and repair damage."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Ben, who liked to be commanded in this navy fashion.

If Jack had lost his head and said, "What are we to do?" perhaps the old boatswain would have lost his, too, and the men would have followed suit.

Example is everything to men in a subordinate position.

The majority of men can obey, but they can't order.

Jack was as cool as a melon, and went about everywhere, encouraging the men with his presence.

At nine o'clock the pumps had holed out a quantity of water mixed with tea which had got loose in the hold.

There was a high cross sea.

Jack stowed foresail and jib, set close-reefed mainsail and hove the ship to, with her head north-west.

Nothing passed without any change.

There was nowhere to be seen, though Monday hinted he was on his back, snoring loudly, under the mingled influence of far and brandy pawnee.

In the morning the sea raged with dreadful fury.

Jack had not closed his eyes all night.

Ayoub still kept the helm, and stated that the coast was at times very stormy, and he knew that they were not far from their destination.

"How many days' sail are we from the City of the Golden Towers?" asked Jack.

"Two, sarr," replied the Arab.

"Only two?"

"If we run before this wind we shall make the land sooner, but we have to run some miles up a river," continued Ayoub.

"Then," thought Jack, "Lieutenant St.ington was right in his suspicions. This remarkable city does lie up a river, and there is more chance of H. M. S. *Victor* finding it out than I first thought there was."

When he was talking to Ayoub a sea swell came from the ballards and the foremast from the bowsprit.

At ten o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At eleven o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At twelve o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At one o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At two o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At three o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At four o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At five o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At six o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At seven o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At eight o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At nine o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At ten o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.

At eleven o'clock the sea was still more furious, and the ship was driven before the wind.



Ayoub looked on with the passivity of an Oriental. "Steady, Blunt, for your life, steady," continued Jack. "She'll bludge and founder else."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Ben, again, as the wheel flew around under his practiced hands. It was a great risk, but the ship answered to the helm, and she was brought to windward.

Jack now ordered the crew to cut away abaft, holding on forward.

In a short time she floated clear, but the once beautiful *Sea-horse* was a perfect wreck. The storm was now at its height.

In a short time it began visibly to decline, and the immediate danger was over.

But Jack's heart grew sad when he thought of the irreparable damage that was done to the lovely ship he had hoped to reach England in, but which would now be useless.

Ben reported the rudder-head disabled, and the wheel broken.

She was drifting at the mercy of the waves towards an unknown coast, the only inhabitants of which were a nest of pirates.

With difficulty the rudder was wedged, and damages again repaired in the best manner under the circumstances.

Finding the port anchor stock to be the best elevation, Jack had a globular light placed upon it during the night.

Then the wind went down and the gale abated, but not before it had swept away the storm drag, leaving the vessel a helpless wreck.

A small spar was stood by the stump of the main mast, and she sailed as well as possible.

This formed a jury mast.

Two oars were clinched together for a yard and bent to a piece of canvas.

This set a sail, leg-of-mutton fashion.

With this curiously-rigged mast, and a signal of distress flying, the *Sea-horse* drifted for two days.

Mr. Mole obstinately refused to move, and the boys took all the responsibility upon themselves.

Ben Blunt, who was an old sailor, gave Jack great credit for the way he had handled the ship.

"Under Providence, sir," he said, "you've saved this vessel, young as you are. I'm an old salt, and I know how things should be, though I couldn't have done as you did, and I doubt whether many a first luff in her majesty's service could have done better."

"I did my best," Ben, Jack answered.

"And a good job it was, sir. We've saved our lives, and may hope to make a port somewhere."

Jack and Ben Blunt were standing alone, Harvey was with Mr. Mole in the cabin, for Mr. Mole had not been at all well.

With the brandy the crew or the storm had not agreed with him.

In Jack's face could be discovered a trace of sadness and disappointment.

Jack had got to love the old ship.

She was to have borne him and Emily back to England, when he had rescued her from the pirates to whom the Pisangs had taken her.

How his prospects had altered in a few days!

The trimly-built *Sea-horse* was floating like a helpless log upon the water.

He did not think his life or those of his companions were in danger.

There was a chance of making land, which Ayoub declared solemnly could not be far off.

All at once a pale, thin, skeleton figure crept up the main hatch.

It walked with difficulty, and as it neared Jack, the latter exclaimed:

"Hunston!"

He had not gone near him or spoken to him while he was recovering from his privations, though he had caused every attention to be paid to him, so that he wanted for nothing.

"Harkaway," Hunston said, in a hollow voice. "I am better now, and I have come to thank you for caring for me as you did."

"Don't say anything about that," exclaimed Jack.

"But I must. I have heard from Harvey how you picked me up and took me in."

"Good of it," said Jack.

"No, you are not glad. I know you would much rather you had not met me; but you are a kind-hearted English fellow, and behaved as you thought you ought to."

"You might do as much for me some day," suggested Jack.

"Wrong again," replied Hunston. "If I had seen you adrift in a boat, I should not have stirred a finger to save you."

"You speak plainly, anyhow."

"I do, and I say what I mean. You have the advantage over me in generosity and good-nature, if it is any gratification to you."

"Yes, it is. I'd rather be thought a decent fellow than a brute," replied Jack.

"I don't care what people think of me. I've got over that weakness long ago."

"More's the pity."

"Perhaps; but if a man's hardened he can't be worried by scruples of conscience. I have just been watched from the brink of the grave. I was at my last gasp."

"And I don't thank you for saving me," replied Hunston, whose eyes twinkled with malignity as he spoke.

"I don't want you to," replied Jack.

"The fact is, Harkaway, I'm not a humbug; I never was. You can't accuse me of being a sham. I was at the front."

"You've done a lot of dirty things."

"I have, and I'd

if I were dying," Hunston said. "Talk to me, or put me in my boat and cast me adrift once more."

Jack gazed upon him with astonishment.

"Put me in the boat. I'm in your power," continued Hunston.

"No, I won't do that."

"Listen, then. I'm your enemy still, though I thank you for saving me. That's candid, isn't it?"

"Very much so," said Jack. "But look here old fellow, if we can't be friends, the world is wide enough for both of us. I'll take care of you, and put you ashore wherever you like."

"You haven't much choice," said Hunston with a sneer. "Your ship isn't the vessel it was when you stole it."

"Stole it," repeated Jack, indignantly.

"Yes."

"I only took it from the mutineers, and intend to return it to the owners."

"Oh, your intentions are highly virtuous," said Hunston. "But while I am on board, am I to consider myself a prisoner?"

"No; you can do what you like."

"Then I shan't trouble you any more; and as soon as I can get away, I shall."

As he finished speaking, Hunston walked away and amused himself by talking to Ayoub, who was again at the wheel.

Something he said seemed to excite the Arab's attention, as they were soon engaged in earnest conversation.

"He's a beast," said Jack, half aloud.

"Who's a beast?" exclaimed a voice at his elbow.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JACK KEEPS HIS EYE ON AYOUN.

It was Harvey who spoke.

"Why, Hunston. He's not a bit thankful for being saved. I thought he would be. When I rescued him from the mutineers, he did say, 'thank you.'"

"Then," replied Harvey, "the fear of death was present to his mind. Now the case is different. He knows very well he is right, and can afford to be cheeky."

"What's he saying to Ayoub, I wonder?" asked Jack.

"There is some villainy on, I'll bet."

Lieutenant Skeffington warned me against Ayoub, and told me to keep my eye on him."

"Do it, then. I'll give you my advice too," said Harvey.

"I wish I could hear what they are saying."

"So do I."

"Can't you fox them in some way?" said Jack.

"Not now," replied Harvey. "They would see me and stop talking. I'll tell you how to manage it, though."

"How?"

"I'll go up and stand close to Ayoub, ask him some questions and so on. Hunston will go away, and they'll meet again later, when we can watch."

"Good again, Dick; I always said you were a genius," said Jack.

Harvey went up the wheel, and as he had expected, Hunston walked away, going down to his berth, from which he did not emerge till the evening.

It was with difficulty that Ayoub could, with the badly broken rudder, keep the ship before the wind.

But he contrived to steer somehow, and ere nightfall land was discovered.

Great were the rejoicings of the crew, more especially when the mouth of the river was seen, and Ayoub declared that it was the very one they were in search of.

"In four-and-twenty hours, crippled as we are," said the pilot, "we shall be anchored near the City of the Golden Towers."

There was no further danger from the elements, for the storm had altogether subsided.

Harvey, who was worn out, went to his berth and slept soundly.

Jack, however, was watching Hunston.

Darkness had fallen and all was still, when he heard Hunston leave the cabin in which he was berthed, and go on deck.

He followed.

Ayoub was standing amidships, looking at the crescent moon, just rising in the heavens.

"Is it you, my son?" he exclaimed, as Hunston touched him on the shoulder.

"Did I not say I would meet you when the moon arose at his spot?" replied Hunston.

"You did."

"You have these white men, and so do I; as far as that we agree till this morning. We were interrupted in our conversation."

"My son," replied the Arab. "I was formerly the most famous pirate in the City of Golden Towers, but I was cast on the Island of Limbi, and seeing no means of getting back to my friends, unless I braved the perils of a voyage which was nearly fatal to you, I determined to wait."

"You settled on the island?"

"Yes; and when this boy, Harkaway, asked me to steer him to the Golden City I was more than glad to do so. It was the wish of my heart. I have heard all about you, and I know that your friends, the Pisangs, have gone to the Malay pirates in large numbers."

"They have?"

"With them they bore a lovely English maiden," continued Ayoub.

"You know that?" cried Hunston.

"An I more than that; you love her. Harkaway loves her, and there is a hatred between you."

"You're right there," Hunston said, between his teeth.

"The more he does for me the more I mean to detest him. The reason I have come to speak to you is that I do not think you mean to keep faith with him."

"Can I trust you?" said Ayoub.

"I'll take my oath if you like."

"What are oaths to men like you and I?" replied the Arab.

"You must have sense enough to know that you can

trust me, and if I can give you a hand in any villainy, I'm ready to do so."

"I don't know that you can do anything," replied Ayoub, "yet it is a relief to have some one to talk to. The ship is a wreck, and scarcely worthy of the pirates' attention."

"Are we near the pirates?" Hunston asked.

"Yes, they will be here soon. I shall hoist a red light at midnight, to show them there are friends on board."

"What then?"

"When they board the ship they will spare the lives of all who are near the red light; the rest they will slay."

"There will be an end of Harkaway, then," said Hunston, with a savage smile.

"And all his friends," replied Ayoub.

Jack was listening intently to this conversation. "The fiends," he muttered.

"You shall marry the white maiden, and be a great chief among the pirates," continued Ayoub.

"That will suit me exactly. I should like to be a pirate king."

"I held a high position among them," the Arab went on, "before I was wrecked off Limbi. Often have I longed to return to the scene of youth and manhood. But the voyage was too perilous to be undertaken alone."

"Are the pirates Malays?"

"Not at all. They have men of all nations with them. French, English, Spanish and American. We are nearing the mouth of the river now. Cannot you see under the bluff headlands on the right some lights dancing like fire-flies?"

"Those are the lights of the pirates' praus riding at anchor. There is a safe anchorage there, and many ships remain there to guard the entrance to the river."

"There must be a lot of them from the number of lights," cried Hunston.

"Twice six, and full of armed men. What chance has this disabled ship of contending against the pirate fleet?"

"Have they seen us yet?"

"Not yet. We are hull down in the water," said Ayoub, who talked in the Limbi language, that being perfectly intelligible to Hunston.

"Have you got a red light ready?"

"I have."

"Will they recognize it?" continued Hunston.

"They will," replied Ayoub with a smile. "I used to go out in a boat on the lookout for a passing ship, telling the captain I was a pilot, who would navigate his vessel through the dangerous channels with which the coast of the Malay peninsula abounds, and when I got them here, I showed the red light, which means blood."

Jack shuddered.

"They will say, 'heaven is good to us,'" continued the Arab; "our old friend Ayoub the mighty has come back again. Blood will run like water. Come my brethren, let us go to Ayoub and slay the disciples of the cross."

"Are you sure they won't kill you and me by mistake?" said Hunston.

"Our lives are safe in my hands; though, ha! you not spoken to me to-day, yours would have been sacrificed with the rest."

As he spoke, the infamous wretch, who had been all along planning the massacre of the officers and crew of the *Sea-horse*, took up a lamp he had concealed behind some stars.

He held it up in the air, saying, "Behold the signal."

The next moment Jack had leveled a pistol at his head, and crying:

"Rascally Arab, take that," he fired.

Ayoub, shot through the forehead, uttered the single word "Allah!" and fell forward at Hunston's feet.

There was another barrel in the pistol undischarged. Jack played restlessly with the trigger.

"I am a damned good mind to give you the contents of number two, Mister Hunston," he said.

Hunston's eyes fell, and he trembled a little.

"Ha!" said Jack, noticing this, "does the fear of death come upon you, after all?"

"I am weak and ill. You forget what troubles I have been through lately. It's the body that trembles, not the spirit," Hunston replied.

"Your companion revealed himself in his true color at last, and he met the death of a traitor."

"Shoot away, if you are going to shoot," cried Hunston; "only don't stand jawing at me. You're as bad as the chaplain of a goal preaching a condemned sermon."

Jack's hand still held the pistol, and the least movement of his finger would have hurled Hunston into eternity.

He hesitated, however, to fire.

The recollections of the old days at school came over him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

THE sudden death of Ayoub, and the consequent collapse of his treacherous plans, alarmed Hunston.

He saw that Harkaway was very angry, and he expected to be shot every moment.

"At least I will have a struggle for it," he muttered between his clenched teeth.

Rushing upon Jack, he endeavored to wrench the pistol out of his hand.

Had he succeeded in doing so, he would undoubtedly have shot him.

But Jack would not release his hold.

They swayed backward and forward.

All at once the trigger of the pistol was pulled, and as the muzzle happened to be pointed at Hunston, he received the charge in his left arm.

He staggered against the bulwarks, pale as death, and with his ill luck.

"It was your own fault; you would have it," exclaimed Jack.







These, however, had long ago ceased to bear any resemblance to white.

If any color at all, they were black.

"To sail forth with such a thing would be to hoist the black flag," as Harvey said, with a laugh.

Emily blushed.

"If you don't mind," she said, "You can have a bit of my petticoat. It is clean, for I washed it out myself yesterday."

"You, Emily?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes; and I'm not ashamed of it. There are no laundresses here, for the best possible reason."

"What's that?"

"The people don't wear any clothes to speak about."

Everybody laughed at this answer.

"Now don't look at me and make fun," she went on.

"As if we could do such a thing," rejoined Harvey.

"Oh, I know what you boys are," she answered, smiling.

Turning around, she lifted up her dress and dextrously tore off a part of her petticoat, which she handed to Harvey.

"If you lose that, I'll kill you, Dick," said Jack. "It's more precious than cloth-of-gold."

"Don't be foolish, Jack," said Emily.

"I'll guard it with my life," answered Harvey, "and if I'm asked what flag it is, I shall say it's the flag of all nations."

"All nations?" repeated Emily.

"Yes, every man strikes his flag to a petticoat," said Harvey.

He had no difficulty in opening the door and going up the mouldy steps which led from the dungeon. He reached the open air.

A strange spectacle met his gaze.

The city, a few hours before proud and wealthy, was literally a heap of ruins.

Flames shot up into the air in different directions, and a thick pall of smoke obscured the sky.

No one was to be seen.

The city was deserted by its inhabitants.

He had not picked his way far between the debris, when a shot went by his ear and pinged against a wall.

"Hi!" he said. "Rule Britannia. Don't shoot a countryman."

He held up his strange flag.

The next moment he was face to face with a party of marines.

"Who are you, my lad?" asked the officer in command.

"British prisoner, sir; wounded in the leg, and taken out of a merchantman with others, by the pirates."

"How many are there of you?"

"Five in all, and one's a lady," replied Harvey.

"In that case, I had better get you out of this and put you aboard."

Leading to the prison," said the officer, adding: "Now, my lads, keep your weather eye open for an ambush. By your right, quick march!"

"Slow march, if you please, sir," said Harvey.

"Why?"

"Isn't I tell you I had a game leg? Gave me an arm, it's inconveniently stiff, I can tell you."

"Ah, I forgot that; lean on me," said the officer.

"Those creases of the Malays give nasty wounds."

"That they do," exclaimed Harvey, limping along.

With a wildly beating heart he led the way to the dungeon.

Hope dawned in his breast once more.

Their troubles were nearly over.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## ON BOARD H. M. S. VICTOR

It was then and there the prisoners were removed on board the *Victor*.

Harvey, who attended to Jack's wounds, and all who were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration.

It was a pleasant and happy change.

A large quantity of valuable property was recovered from the burning city, and thus put the sailors in a good temper, as they could look forward to prize-money.

The pirates being thoroughly beaten and their city destroyed, the *Victor* dropped down the river.

It was the captain's intention to land the captives at Singapore.

The cruise was not yet over, and he could not leave the *Victor* there.

At Singapore, no doubt, a vessel would give them passage to England.

Good food, fresh air, and excellent surgical attendance was all that Jack and Harvey required.

They were recovered, and I went about as usual.

Harvey was the pet and darling of the whole ship's company, and he had only eyes for Jack.

There was one man on board Jack did not like.

He was tall and thin, with dark, flashing eyes.

His father was a merchant at Singapore, and a friend of the captain of the *Victor*.

Harvey, who was about nineteen, and not being much of a seaman, had been received on board the ship as a guest of the captain, and taken for a cruise.

His name was Frank Davis.

He was violently in love with Emily, and persecuted her with his attentions on all occasions.

Harvey, who was on duty to perform on board the ship, he was able to dream about when and where he liked.

Emily did not encourage him, but she did not like to be rude.

Harvey often saw them together, and his face flushed as he saw Jack looking over her.

One day, when he was alone, Jack said:

"I shall punch that fellow's head some day."

"I won't," replied Harvey. "You are not strong, and we shall make Singapore, when we shall get rid of him."

"It's a nuisance to think I have got another fellow to

worry me, just when Hunston is wiped out, and we have made an end to all our troubles."

"Do you think Hunston is dead?"

"I fancy he must have died in the burning city. Ill as he was, he could scarcely escape," replied Jack.

"At all events, he is not on board this ship. That's one comfort," remarked Harvey.

Jack watched Mr. Davis carefully, and in spite of Harvey's advice, sought an opportunity to pick a quarrel with him.

Davis, however, was very civil to him, and seemed to try to avoid a rupture.

Mr. Mole went from one to another of the crew, and recounted his valiant exploits among the savages.

Monday caused the sailors great amusement.

He begged and borrowed from them a complete sailor's dress, and was very proud of it.

The *Victor* had to go out of her course to chase some pirate craft.

Sighting an island, a boat was lowered to go and obtain a supply of water.

Monday ran up to Jack in great excitement.

"Mast' Jack!" he exclaimed.

"Well," replied Jack.

"That's Limbi. That's my island. I know am well."

"Is it?"

"Yes. You ask the Tuan captain if he let you and me go and land with the sailor men."

"Would you like to see the island once more?" asked Jack.

"Very much like," replied Monday.

"All right. I'll go and get permission."

Jack went to the captain, stated the case, and asked leave for himself and Monday to accompany the boat.

Leave was at once granted.

They embarked in the boat, and the Limbians came to receive them.

When they saw Jack and Monday they made a great feast in their honor, and would not allow the English sailors to do any work, but filled the casks with water for them.

They went up to the city, and Jack called upon Alfura and Ambonia.

He was asked a variety of questions about Mr. Mole, who, he said, had remained in the pirate city.

"Will he come back?" asked Ambonia.

"Oh, yes," replied Jack. "He is very anxious to see you again. Can I take him any message?"

"We have a surprise for him," said Alfura and Ambonia, in a breath.

"What?"

"Two little babies; such beauties. Mine is a boy, we call Isaac, and Alfura's is a girl, named after her."

Jack whistled.

"Two kids," he exclaimed. "Mr. Mole expected that?"

"Did he?" asked Alfura.

"Yes; and he wants you to send the children to him. Cannot the nurse take them in a basket?"

"We shall not like to part with them; but if it is their father's wish—"

"I'll send Jack."

"Then the dear little innocents shall go," replied Ambonia.

She went into an adjoining room, and the nurse who had charge of them brought them in for Jack's inspection.

They were not quite so dusky as their mothers, but there was a half-caste tinge about their complexions.

"Bless 'em!" said Jack.

He kissed their foreheads.

This gracious act quite won the hearts of the mothers.

The infants were placed in a basket, covered over.

On the breast of one Jack put a piece of paper on which he wrote "The gentle Isaac."

On the other he placed the inscription, "The lovely Alfura."

And on the top of the basket he wrote—"A present from Limbi, for a good Mole."

"Now, nurse," he said, "carry that down to the boat. You will come with us to take care of the precious babies."

"Have they far to go?" asked Alfura.

"Only a few days' voyage."

"And will Mr. Mole come soon?" sighed Ambonia.

"Before another moon has passed," replied Jack.

The mothers began to cry, and Jack cleared out, looking for the boat, where the crew were waiting for him.

When the Lieutenant in charge asked who the old woman was, Jack informed him that she was taking something on board for Mr. Mole, and it would be all right.

The children having been well fed, slept placidly.

At length the boat reached the ship, and the basket was taken up and placed on the quarter-deck.

"You stand back till you're wanted," said Jack to the crew.

The captain and officers crowded around the basket.

The crew looked on at a distance.

Jack saluted the captain, and the captain saluted Jack.

"What's this, Mr. Harkaway?" asked Captain Dacre.

"Present 'or Mr. Mole, sir," replied Jack.

"Pass the word for Mr. Mole," said the captain.

The word was passed, and Mr. Mole emerged from the captain's servant's cabin, where all the good things were kept.

He wiped his mouth as he came out, and he exhaled a strong smell of brandy.

"You did me the honor to send for me, sir," he said.

"Your former friends have sent you something," replied the captain.

"Ah, indeed! They remember my various feats. This is kind of them, and also proper."

"Will you open the basket now?"

"I will, sir, with your permission."

Mr. Mole stooped down and untied the fastenings of the basket.

The word was then on his lips, and the children revealed to view.

Mr. Mole staggered and uttered a groan.

"The gentle Isaac and the lovely Alfura," he murmured.

The officers burst into a roar of laughter, and even Captain Dacre himself could not refrain from smiling.

Suddenly Mr. Mole's manner changed.

He grew furious.

"Who has done this? Who has played me this base trick?" he cried.

"They are your children, sir," replied Harkaway.

"You know you married two wives in Limbi, and these children are the consequences of the rash act."

"I'll have none of them! Away with the reptiles—the vermin—the little black images!"

"I appeal to these gentlemen if the sleeping innocents are not the exact likeness of their father," said Jack.

"Into the sea with them!" cried Mr. Mole.

He grasped the basket, and would have cast them over the ship's side had not the nurse ran forward and seized him by the ear.

"Oh! my ear, my ear! The she-fiend; she'll wring it off," vociferated Mole, dropping the basket.

The children began to scream.

Leaving her hold of his ear, the nurse attended to the children.

Mole danced up and down like a madman.

"Mr. Harkaway," said the captain, "this may be a very good joke, but we cannot be burdened with this sort of live stock."

"Beg pardon, sir. Didn't wish to put you to any inconvenience," said Jack.

"I assure you, sir, I've got a feeling heart," said Jack.

"I very sorrowfully have to say so."

"Mr. Mole, sir, has deserted his wives, and the poor infants will be left orphans if—"

"Yes, yes," said the captain, rather impatiently, as he deterred a half twinkle in Jack's eye; "we know all about that; but you have given me the trouble of again lowering a boat to send these children and their nurse to the shore."

"Won't you have the half orphans, sir?"

"Not on board this ship; it is absurd to ask me. Any one would take you for their father, you are so anxious about them."

"I, sir? No, sir. Wouldn't do such things," answered Jack, with a broad grin.

"Go forward, Mr. Harkaway, if you please," said Captain Dacre, sternly. "We have had enough of this nonsense."

Jack retired, whistling:

"It's nice to be a father."

When Mr. Mole saw that the captain was going to send the gentle Isaac and his sister back, he recovered himself.

"Remember the Irish at once, sailors," he said, "and you shall have a crown to drink my health."

A boat was soon lowered, and the nurse, with the "precious tits," as Jack called them, put into it.

"This proper and decided act of the captain's has saved me the trouble and work of buying some vermin destroying powder," muttered Mr. Mole. Ugh! the little innocents!

"They're yours," whispered Jack, at his elbow.

"Harkaway, this is a capital joke," replied Mr. Mole.

"Bad for the poor half orphans, sir."

"You have exposed me to the ridicule of the officers and crew of the vessel."

"Never be ashamed of your own, sir," said Jack.

"The captain has behaved like a gentleman. Look at that Irish fellow, who would have sent the little innocents to the shore. It is a capital joke."

Mr. Mole sighed deeply.

"You're a gay deceiver, sir; but I shouldn't wonder if Ambonia followed you to England."

"If she does, I'll—"

Mr. Mole stopped abruptly.

It did not exactly occur to him what he could do in the event of such an unpleasant contingency.

Jack did not worry him any more, though he had many a laugh over the affair with Harvey.

The ship went on to Singapore, and there landed the little party.

Monday had made up his mind to go to England.

As Jack and Mr. Mole were on the point of drawing bills on the bank, and getting them cashed to pay their expenses.

Before the *Victor* left they made the captain a handsome present.

Jack took care of Emily, who now her father and mother were dead, was a precious orphan.

They all landed at the same hotel.

Monday was still up on the subject of Jack and Harvey's servant, but he would not do a thing for Mr. Mole.

"He's a humbug, sure; but what Mast' Mole is," he used to say.

The boys secured a passage to England in a fast steamer, which was to sail in a few days after taking in cargo.

"Our worries are all over now, Dick," said Jack, gleefully.

"About time they were," replied Harvey.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## JACK BECOMES JEALOUS.

We have said that Emily was very grateful to Jack for all he had done for her.

It had not been for him she might have endured an even more painful captivity than the pirates.

She had even been compelled to become Hunston's wife.

It was not much she could do in return, so she said.

But Jack thought it a great deal.

So he could give her his heart, and promise to be his wife some day when he was a man.

"I'll do Jack, dear," she said, "when I get to England? I have to go to a new home."

Her eyes filled with tears.







right. I have no wish to associate myself with objectionable people. But was that all you said?"

"I called you a blackguard, if you particularly wish to know," exclaimed Jack, boldly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Captain Hammond, "permit me to remind you that this is deplorably bad taste."

"Can't help it, my dear sir," replied Jack. "It is his doing."

Frank Davis grew very pale and bit his lips.

"I have no wish to create a scene," he said; "but when I am grossly insulted by a man who has lived among savages, and makes a friend of a nigger, I really must protect myself."

"Certainly, certainly," observed some of Davis's friends.

Owing to his father's wealth and reputation, Davis was a great man with a certain set.

"Come outside, and have a dust up with fists," said Jack. "Give and take alike, and if you lick me I'll shake hands."

"It is impossible, sir," answered Davis, "that I could so demean myself. If I fight, I use the weapons of a gentleman."

"What may they be?"

"Swords or pistols, either of which I place at your disposal," replied Davis.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," again said Captain Hammond, "I really must beg that you will remember where you are."

"I decline your challenge. It is not the custom of Englishmen to fight duels. But I repeat that if you want to see who is best man, I am ready for you with a bunch of fives," exclaimed Jack.

"Just what I might have expected from a man of your intelligence; you think you can insult a gentleman with impunity."

"Just what I might have expected from a man of your intelligence; you think you can insult a gentleman with impunity."

"Why, you ugly little whipper-snapper, you counter-jumping land-lubber, I've a good mind to punch your head," said Jack, indignantly.

"Of course. Cowards are always bullies. But vulgar abuse only lowers you still more in my eyes; and let me tell you, my blustering friend, that I shall be under the painful necessity of horsewhipping you in public if you do not mind what you are saying."

Jack could bear it no longer.

He rushed across the room, regardless of club rules and etiquette.

Davis was still sitting in the open window, with his back to the water of the harbor.

Without giving him any notice, he struck him full in the face with his fist.

The blow caused the little dandy to lose his balance, and with a ludicrous cry of rage and fear, he toppled over and fell with a splash into the water.

"Where has he gone to?" exclaimed Harvey, as he disappeared, "where has he gone to?"

"Kingdom come, I hope," replied Jack, smiling.

The members of the club rushed to the window in great excitement.

Davis was seen to rise to the surface, and shake his fist at Jack.

Then he swam away to a boat, climbed up the side, and was rowed, dripping wet, to the shore.

Jack laughed heartily; but Captain Hammond looked grave.

"This will have to be brought before the committee," he said.

"What will the result of that be?" asked Jack.

"I fear your election will be canceled."

"That won't break my heart," answered Jack.

"I will try to avoid it, because that little wasp, Davis, will go about saying you were kicked out of the club for ungentlemanly conduct."

"Was it ungentlemanly?" inquired Jack, thinking the matter over for the first time.

"A very bad thing," he said. "That sort of thing would do very well on board ship, but in a club, my dear fellow, we allow no wrangling."

"Well, good-morning. I am much obliged to you all the same," replied Jack.

He made a stiff bow to the gentlemen in the room, who regarded him coldly.

Some acknowledged his salutation, and others simply stared rudely at him.

As he passed out he heard such remarks as:

"That's a queer fellow."

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been expelled, it would have been a triumph for that fellow Davis."

"What have you been doing?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Only punching, sir. Knocking this cove Davis into the sea for cheeking me."

"Ah! that is bad. What a pity you cannot keep your fighting propensities in check; but you always had too much of the bulldog in you."

"Can't help it, sir," answered Jack. "It's the nature of the animal."

"You seem to have a great spite against Mr. Davis."

"It's his fault. Oh! here's Emily. First time I've seen her to-day," exclaimed Jack. "Emmy, dear, I'm sorry to say I've been slipping into your friend."

"What friend?" asked Emily.

"Mr. Frank Davis."

"He's no friend of mine. I merely regard him as an acquaintance of yours," she answered.

"Don't tell fibs, Emmy. You know you like him."

Emily began to cry.

"If you are going to treat me so cruelly," she sobbed, "I shall go upstairs again. I'm sure I did not put myself out of the way to be civil to him. You would not, I thought, like me to be rude to your guests."

Jack's heart melted in a moment.

Springing to her side, he kissed her tears away, and said:

"Don't cry, darling. Say you'll forgive me and I'll never be naughty again."

"It's a great shame of you," she replied.

"So 'tis; I'm a beast, but that stuck-up, sneering cad riled me. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I mauled him about a bit."

"I shouldn't care if—if you kill—killed him," Emily answered, continuing to sob, "if—if you were not so unkind to me."

It was some time before Jack could make his peace with her, but at last he succeeded, and they were better friends than ever.

Emily wiped away her tears. Dinner was brought up; they all sat down, and, as if by common consent, Mr. Davis's name was never once mentioned, and no allusion was made to the disturbance at the club.

After dinner the gentlemen lighted their cigarettes, and Emily took up a book to read.

Suddenly Monday burst into the room out of breath.

"What's up now, Monday?" cried Jack. "You'll bust if you waste your wind like that."

"Take your hat off," said Harvey, removing his broad-brimmed Panama straw. Why don't you learn decent manners?"

"I should think there was going to be a donkey race to-morrow," remarked Jack.

"Where?" asked Harvey.

"All round Monday's hat. Sold again. I had you then Dick," replied Jack, laughing.

Monday now found his tongue.

"Oh! Mast' Jack," he exclaimed, "such um big fire down street."

"A fire!" cried the boys, jumping to their feet.

"Yes, a big one. All the houses crackle and burn ever so much. Come on, sare, and see um fun."

"By Jove! I'm in that," exclaimed Jack, putting on his hat.

His example was soon followed by Harvey.

"And I, too," said Mr. Mole. "I will accompany you to the scene of the conflagration. Perhaps, with my usual bravery, I may be instrumental in saving some poor creature's life."

Before he had finished speaking, the boys were out of the room.

They followed Monday down the street, and were soon in the midst of a great crowd.

Smoke arose in dense masses, and sparks fell around in all directions.

Some wooden buildings, used as warehouses, were in flames.

How they had caught fire no one knew.

The firemen had already brought up their hand-engines and were busily engaged in laying the hose and getting to work.

"Man the pumps," shouted Jack, pushing his way to the front.

He laid hold of the handle of the nearest engine, which was being manned.

Harvey, seeing this, and doing it against the burning buildings.

A powerful jet of water was sent forth from the hose, and the flames were kept down.

The crowd, seeing this, and having great respect for the English, they let them do just as they liked.

A small tree grew near one of the houses, but sufficiently distant to be safe from the effects of the fire.

Mr. Mole, seeing this, and doing it against the burning buildings.

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The crowd, seeing this, and having great respect for the English, they let them do just as they liked.

A small tree grew near one of the houses, but sufficiently distant to be safe from the effects of the fire.

"Up that tree. Pump on him," said Jack.

Harvey looked around and saw Mr. Mole serenely perched in the tree, and had been by the leaves.

In an instant he diverted the hose from the burning building.

It did not much matter now, as half-a-dozen engines were at work on it, and the fire was nearly over.

"Mind your eye, sir; the tree's on fire," shouted Harvey.

The next moment a shower of water fell like a deluge on Mr. Mole.

In his eyes, his mouth, knocking off his hat, in his stomach, filling his trousers and boots, came the unceasing stream.

"Wo!" he cried. "I say, Harvey, I am up in this tree"—splutter, splutter—"you'll choke me. I shall be drowned. Ho, ho! I say, stop that performance."

But Harvey continued to water him as if he was syringing a plant in a green-house.

"Go it, Dick. Give it to him hot," said Jack.

"This is unseemly. Bother those boys!"—splutter, splutter—stammered Mr. Mole. "They'll be the death of me before they've done; I know they will. Ugh! I'm half full of water already, and nearly drowned."

The cascade played gracefully upon him.

Much amused, the crowd looked up and began to laugh.

Mr. Mole could bear it no longer, and toppled off the branch, falling on the heads of the crowd below.

This fortunately broke his fall, and he was only a little shaken.

Rushing up to Harvey, he shook his fist in his face.

"You scamp!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by this?"

Harvey said:

"Sorry to knock you off your perch, sir. Mind your eye again."

He lifted the hose, and sent another jet right into his face.

In vain Mr. Mole capered and danced, and tried to hit back.

The water drove him back, and he turned tail, running away to his hotel.

"Well done, Dick. Wire in, old man," cried Jack.

Suddenly Monday touched Jack on the shoulder.

"Mast' Jack," he said, in a thrilling whisper; "you take care!"

"What of?" asked Jack.

"Mist' Davis close by. He speak to one man, and him a big scoundrel."

"What did he say?" inquired Jack.

Instead of answering, Monday turned rapidly around. At the same moment a knife glided up Jack's arm, and he felt the hot blood slowly trickle down his sleeve.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE HIDDEN HAND.

"I'm wounded!" cried Jack, clutching his arm, as a trickling sensation ran through it.

Turning around, he saw Monday struggling with an ugly-looking native, who, with a jerk of his leg, threw Monday off, and ran away, being speedily lost in the crowd.

Having heard Jack say he was stabbed, Harvey came up at once.

"I hope you are not hurt," he exclaimed, anxiously.

"No, much, I think," answered Jack; "though I believe the fellow tried to get at my heart with his bread-and-cheese cutter. Where's Monday?"

"Here him be, sare," said the faithful fellow.

"What does all this mean?" quickly inquired Jack.

"Monday him hear Mist' Davis point you out, sare, to that black thief, and just when I speak to you, him whip out um knife to stick with."

"Ah, I see; you turned the blow?"

"Monday seize him arm, sare, and turn him off. Don't know how he got away. Some twist him give um leg."

"Perhaps you've saved my life," said Jack. "I didn't think Mr. Davis was one of that sort."

"I don't know," said Harvey. "Lean on me, and I'll show you."

With some difficulty they found a doctor, who happened to be on duty.

He examined the wound, and said:

"The wound is not very deep, but it is dangerous. It is in the neighborhood of the heart, and a slight increase of the fire."

"What does that mean?" asked Jack.

"It means that if the fire increases, the wound will become more dangerous. My friend, I am not a doctor, but I am a man of sense."

"Is it anything serious?" asked Jack.

"No, I am not a doctor, but I am a man of sense. I am not a doctor, but I am a man of sense."

"I am the luckiest dog out," exclaimed Jack, joyfully.

"Always drop on my legs, don't I, Dick?"

"I must say you certainly do," answered Harvey.

When the wound was washed and dressed up, they returned to the hotel, and Harvey, seeing that Jack was in no danger, went to bed.

Mr. Mole was sitting before a big fire, huddled up in a chair.

A tumbler of steaming grog stood before him, and he had his feet in a pan of hot water.

"What on earth are you doing, sir?" said Jack.

"Enjoying the comforts of civilization, of which I have been deprived for some time," replied Mr. Mole.

"But a fire in the tropics, when it is hot enough to melt an iceberg in three minutes—"

"Is necessary for the preservation of my health. I have been shamefully treated, and a ready feel bronchitis has been the result."

"The doctor said you were all right," Jack said, laughing.

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"The doctor said you were all right," Jack said, laughing.



"It has done so. Can you find me a tallow candle to talk my nose with?"

"I don't suppose you'd get such a thing here, sir. Candles all melt. Try some soft soap."

"Harkaway, no joking; this is serious. Where's Harvey, the wretch? If I were not so ill, I would chastise him for his cruel joke."

"I am here, sir," answered Harvey. "Glad to see you're not dead yet."

"No thanks to you," said Mr. Mole, severely. "You see the wretched state you've reduced me to. Dreadful cold coming on—come on, in fact—and no candle to talk my nose with. Awful!"

The boys could not help laughing. Mr. Mole perceived that Harkaway carried his arm in a sling.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Nothing much, I hope."

"Oh, nothing half so bad as your cold, sir," answered Jack, carelessly; only a stab in the arm.

"A stab! Dear me! Who did it?"

"Davis hired a fellow to knife me out of the way. It appears to be the custom out here. Nice sort of place to live in, isn't it, sir?"

"Dear me, how quietly you take it. Bless my soul, is there not some sort of justice here?"

"Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no. But where's Emily?"

"I don't know. She was not here when I came in, and I have been so much taken up with my cold that—"

"Better your cold. Bring the bed, Dick," cried Jack.

"Impossible, youths," remarked Mr. Mole, "are like other natures; they will have their own way."

Harvey rang the bell, and Jack questioned the servants about Emily.

One said he saw her go to the door to look at the fire, and while standing there a man came up and requested her to come to Mr. Harkaway, who wanted her.

Jack turned aside pale.

"I never sent for her," he said.

"She went a little way down the street, sir, and then I saw her get into a carriage, which drove off at a rapid pace," continued the domestic.

Jack sank into a seat, faint and ill.

"It's a trap," exclaimed Harvey.

"Brandy," cried Jack; "give me some brandy."

His request was complied with, and he freshened up a little.

"Who has done this base thing?" asked Mr. Mole.

"Who can have carried off our little Emily, the life and soul of our party?"

"There is only one man in Singapore," replied Harvey, "who could have done it."

"And he is—"

"Frank Davis."

Jack was too agitated to speak.

"It is a part of a planned thing," continued Harvey.

"Davis is in love with Emily—Jack insinuates him; he arranges to have Jack assassinated, and at the same time carry off Emily."

"I fear you are not far wrong," said Mr. Mole.

Jack got up and paced the room impatiently.

"Can Monday," he said.

Harvey went into the hall, and sat for the faithful Limboon.

When he entered the room he saw at a glance that something had happened.

"You tell us, what Jack?" he said.

"Look here, Monday, you must do me a service," said Jack.

"Monday lay down um life, sare. Can't say any more."

"I know that, and perhaps you will have to risk your life. Miss Emily has been carried off; we expect by Davis."

"Missy Emily gone, sare?"

"Yes; an hour ago."

"Where she go to sare?" asked Monday.

"That we can only guess. I have heard that Mr. Davis' father has a house a few miles inland, which he very seldom uses. Find out where that is; go there at once, and bring us what news you can."

"Monday him go now, sare. He find the Missy Emily."

"Take off those legs, and go about as if you were a native of this place. You understand that, sare," said Harvey.

"A good thing," remarked Mr. Mole. "If I forgive you now for your bad luck; I do, indeed, and pardon you for your bad luck."

"I thank you, sir; I'll make a note of it," answered Harvey.

"Off you go, Monday," continued Jack, "and mind you don't come back without news of some sort."

Monday bowed and started on his errand.

"You and I will wait the day. If I could only catch that cowardly Frank Davis, I'd wring the secret out of him."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Mole, "it is not Mr. Davis after all."

"Who else, sir?" replied Jack.

"Prize at this question, Mr. Mole was unable to give any answer."

"If I were not so ill, I would accompany you," he remarked. "You must take me with you."

Harvey was about to answer as he had said, and he gladly consented to have the doctor go with them.

"Let's go to the club," said Jack. "We may see or hear something if I wait here."

A short walk brought them to the club, where they found several people they did not know talking about the fire.

In a small conversation the first of Singapore's fire is talked of as important.

Talking to some friends, Jack saw Frank Davis, who did not seem at all the worse for his misadventure.

With some difficulty he restrained himself from rushing up to him.

The story of what a proceeding occurred to him, and

he fortunately drove back the wild beast feeling that will take possession of all of us at times."

To Jack's intense surprise, Davis no sooner saw him than he walked up, and extending his hand before everybody, exclaimed:

"Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Harkaway?"

"With you?" replied Jack.

"Yes; I was a little hasty this morning, and I provoked you. I am willing to forgive that disagreeable shove you gave me into the water, for I can't bear malice."

The members of the club were much interested in this scene.

"Capital fellow!" "Good heart!" Always said so," and so on, arose from various quarters.

"I would rather not make friends with you," said Jack.

"Come, come, don't cherish a nasty feeling. You a sailor, Harkaway, and treasure up a grudge!" exclaimed Captain Hammond, in his cherry voice.

"I have my reasons," said Jack.

"I am sure they can't be very good ones."

"I'm the best judge of that," Jack exclaimed, dryly.

"Well, you must please yourself, Mr. Harkaway," continued Frank Davis, with an apparently open smile. "I have made the advance, which there was no occasion I should do, I'm sure; but we have been friends, and traveled together, so that I can afford to put a little ill-feeling in my pocket. Have you hurt your arm—dear me! I did not notice that you were in a sling."

Jack was confounded by his cool impudence.

"I was stabbed in a crowd at the fire," he said, looking Davis straight in the face.

The latter did not quail or flinch in the least. He bore the scrutiny without so much as lowering his eyes.

"He's got the nerve of old Nick himself," thought Jack.

"Stabbed!" repeated Davis, incredulously. "Now you are drawing upon your imagination."

"I am telling the plain truth without any varnish," answered Jack.

Many gentlemen crowded around him, and pressed him with a dozen questions, to all of which Jack replied:

"Ask Mr. Davis. He pretends to be ignorant of an attack which was directed at my life, when he knows more about it than I do."

Eyes were turned inquiringly at Davis.

"Really, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "Mr. Harkaway is an enigma to me, and I am at a loss to understand his meaning."

"He insinuates that you tried to assassinate him," exclaimed one gentleman.

"No, I don't insinuate anything," answered Jack. "I say openly that he hired a man to kill me, and I can prove it."

"How?"

"By the testimony of my black servant, who saw him in a crowd, and heard him point me out to the ruffian in his pay."

Frank Davis turned away with a laugh.

"Is he drunk?" he exclaimed.

"I'm as sober as you are, perhaps more so," replied Jack, furiously; "and, in spite of your sneers, I'll unmask you yet."

"Gentlemen," said Frank Davis, appealing to the members of the club, "I have tried to soothe the savage breast. What can I do more?"

"No—no; let him alone. Give him up," said his friends. "He must be mad."

What Jack would have said or done it is difficult to say, had not Captain Hammond seized him by the arm and drawn him towards the door.

"Let go my arm," said Jack, struggling.

"No, I will not. There will be a riot, presently, if you stay."

"What if there is?"

"Every man in the club except myself is against you. Come along," persisted Captain Hammond.

"I will not go, to let that fellow have the best of me," said Jack.

"You shall. Come, come, I am a man, and you are only a boy after all. I will have my own way in this matter," Captain Hammond said, good-naturedly.

"That is right. Get him away. Our time will come," remarked Harvey.

He was not blinded with passion and a sense of wrong as Jack was, and he saw that it would be of no use to have a row in the club just then.

By the exercise of main force Captain Hammond drew Jack out of the room.

Presently they stood in the street, Jack panting and glaring fiercely at his friend.

"Well," laughed the captain, "are you going to eat me?"

Jack said nothing.

"Come, that's better. I thought you were going to make a meal of me. Take a stroll and let us talk the matter over."

As Jack hesitated, Harvey said:

"I'm, though a good fellow. Captain Hammond's advice is sensible, I feel sure."

Jack put his arm and arm in that of the captain's.

Harvey took the other side, and they walked on up the street.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### MONDAY AND THE BLOODHOUND.

It was not difficult for Monday to discover the locality in which Mr. Davis' country house was situated.

But when he heard that he possessed two, it was not easy to decide which to go to.

The place which had struck Jack was that Frank Davis had earned off himself to a country residence, where by means of an acquaintance he would try to induce him to leave him.

It had succeeded in his attempt to assassinate Jack, but now would he be able to do so?

Mr. Mole would not have been so much interested in the story, and it was doubtful whether Harvey would have

done more than communicate with the authorities about the affair.

When Monday, who thoroughly endorsed his master's idea, heard that one of Mr. Davis' houses was situated in a lonely place and seldom or ever inhabited, he concluded that it was very likely Frank had caused her to be conveyed there.

It was late in the day when he had gathered all the information he wanted, but he did not hesitate to start at once and on foot for the house.

The moon was shining brightly when he reached it, and saw a small one-storied, pavilion-like house, surrounded with those verandas so common in the East.

Gardens filled with lovely flowers and shrubs surrounded it, except at the back, where were built the stable and domestic offices.

Penetrating through the gardens, Monday cautiously advanced to the house.

A window in the Venetian style opened on to the lawn, and a light burning on a table enabled him to look inside.

Lying on a sofa, bathed in tears, with her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, he saw Emily, who was evidently plunged into the depths of despair, and overwhelmed with grief.

He was about to rush forward when he found the window was carefully guarded with thick iron bars, which, while permitting the cool evening air to enter, effectually prevented any one going in or out.

Advancing cautiously to the bars, Monday said in a low voice:

"Missy Emily, Missy Emily."

The girl started, and rising, looked eagerly towards him.

"Is it you, Monday?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. Where are you?"

"You not know?" asked Monday, in surprise.

"No. I have not the remotest idea. All I am aware of is that I was induced to go down the street to meet Jack, thrust into a carriage, driven off at a gallop, taken here and put into this room, where I have only seen an old negro."

"This Miss Davis' house," said Monday.

"Then it is he who has carried me off. Does Jack know this?"

"I am suspect it, Missy Emily, and he send me to find out."

"Where is he now?" she inquired.

"In Singapore; but he soon come take you out," answered Monday.

"Oh, I pray lose no time, but go at once; I am so frightened."

"Monday go now, Missy Emily. Before to-morrow morning, she get way."

Emily thanked him heartily.

"Keep up your pluck, missy; all be right soon," said Monday.

He retired as cautiously as he came, and, reaching the extremity of the garden, jumped over the wooden fence, alighting in the road.

He was much pleased with his success, and prepared for a sharp run home.

All at once the sound of horses' hoofs fell upon his ears, and by the moonlight he saw a man on horseback, followed by a big dog of the bloodhound species, approaching him.

His sharp eyes enabled him to recognize Frank Davis. But the recognition was not mutual.

Stripped to the skin like an ordinary native, Monday appeared to Frank to be some prowling robber.

"Hallo, you black thief, what are you doing here at this time of night?" he exclaimed.

"Do? Nothing, sare," replied Monday. "Him as much right on the road as you."

"Have you, my good fellow? well see about that," answered Davis. "Here, Juno! here, Juno!"

The dog looked up in its master's face, and wagged its tail.

"After him, girl; fetch him down," continued Davis.

Monday took to his heels, having no fancy to be man-gled and torn by the bloodthirsty hound.

His only weapon of defense was a long knife, which he had stuck in his girdle.

Although he could run fast, the hound could run faster, and spring after him with long bounds.

Heating the panting hound just behind him, Monday turned, and, drawing his knife, stood at bay.

Frank jumped up to see what he called a man.

A fight between his dog and a common nigger just suited his amusement and ended as follows.

"Hi, at him! Stab to him! Hi, at him! Loo! Loo!" cried Davis.

Encouraged by her master's voice, Juno seized Monday by the arm and drew him on his knees.

Then a terrible fight began.

Monday stabbed at the dog, and the dog tore his flesh in various places, always trying to get at his throat.

Thus Monday struggled to prevent, as he knew the best would be to let him if she could, in doing so.

They rolled over and over in the dusty road.

Frank assumed immediately at the sport, and kept on encouraging the dog.

At length Monday made a home thrust, which struck the heart of his enemy.

"Confound you," cried Davis, angrily, "you've killed my best hound. If I had a pistol about me, I'd shoot you."

"Monday arose with difficulty; he was streaming with blood, and was much exhausted."

"Come to the last, however, he nerved himself for another encounter."

He rose forward, he seized Davis by the right leg, and jerked him upwards.

Unprepared for such a novel assault, Davis was pitched on his back, and fell half stunned by the fall into the road.

The next moment Monday, with the agility of a deer, was in the saddle.

Turning the horse's head in the right direction, he kicked its side with his heel and was off like the wind toward Singapore.



Frank Davis picked himself up with a rueful expression, and looked after his horse.

"That's what I call a clever nigger," he said, with a laugh. "He's killed my best hound, and hooked it off with one of the fastest horses in the governor's stable. Well, I shan't hollo. He deserves it, hang me if he doesn't."

He shook the dust off his clothes, and walked along to the house.

"Now," he muttered, "for an interview with my little Emily. I wonder how she will receive me. It's a pity my fellow did not kill that infernal Harkaway right out, but I haven't done with him yet."

We must leave this amiable young gentleman to visit his friend in the cage, while we accompany Monday on his wild career to the city.

It was nearly midnight when he dismounted at the door of the hotel.

Jack and Harvey had just come in, after a long walk with Captain Hammond, which had cooled Jack's hot head.

Mr. Mole had gone to bed.

Bursting into the room, covered with blood and dust, Monday appeared to resemble some dreadful specter.

"Why, Monday, what's come to you?" asked Jack.

"Him found Missey Emily, sare," said Monday.

"Have you?" That's first rate. You're a trump, Monday; but you're hurt."

"Never mind um hurt, sare. Mist' Davis he set um dog on me."

"What! that bloodhound I have seen with him? What a beastly shame."

"Great big dog, big as man, sare. Monday kill him with um knife, and come home again on Mist' Davis horse."

"Good again. You can do it," cried Harvey.

"But tell us all about it."

"No time lose, sare. Just tie up Monday's wounds," replied the black, "and I'll order carriage and two horses, and I'll tell um all on the road. Missey Emily and Mist' Davis all home together."

"He's right," answered Jack. "Cut down stairs, Dick, and order the carriage while I tie up his bites; he's bleeding like a pig."

Harvey went down stairs, and Jack getting a sponge and a basin of water, wiped away the blood and dust, and then, tearing a shirt into strips, bound up the principal injuries, which the black had received.

"Now um all right. I see no more blood. That what um 'fraud of, sare," said Monday.

At the same time he tottered with weakness, and was obliged to lean against the table for support.

"Here, drink this," said Jack, pouring out half a tumbler of brandy.

He did so, and it revived his drooping energies.

When the carriage was ready, Monday directed the driver what road to take, and as they went along he related his adventures to his young master, who highly commended him for his courage.

"That must have been a nasty tussle with the pup," remarked Harvey.

"It would I have been all up with Monday if he had not carried a knife. I know what those cross-bred Cuban hounds are," said Jack.

"Hum talk once it all up, sare," replied Monday. "The big brute him get me down and him face come close to my face. Ugh! It close shave."

They stopped the carriage at a little distance from the house, and told the driver to pull up by the side of the road and wait.

"Don't take the bridle off, or get down from your box, even," said Jack; "we may want to back in a hurry. Let the case of pistols remain by your side, for I said so on the box, and we can't tell what will happen."

The man said he fully understood, and Monday led the way to the back of the house.

It would have been useless to go to the front, as it was impossible to get through the iron bars which guarded the windows.

A door stood open, through which they passed, walking on tiptoe.

The sound of voices guided them to a room at the end of a long corridor.

"Listen!" said Jack, holding up his hand as a signal for his companions to stop.

They did so.

It was Emily's voice.

"I tell you plainly, Mr. Davis," she said, "that I can never love you, and after this declaration, if you persist in asking me, you are guilty of an outrage which no gentleman should be guilty of."

"Lovely Emily," replied the young man, "my love for you must be my excuse. I am passionately fond of you. With my wealth I can make you take a position that a princess might envy."

"Alas! I have heard before. I beg you to restore me to my friends."

"Your friends cannot help you. Believe me, you are entirely in my power."

"Not so much, perhaps, as you may think," Emily said.

"Do you defy me?" Davis asked. "If so, there is nothing before you but a long captivity. Who could find you in this lonely house?"

"Jack Harkaway would find me anywhere," she answered.

"Bravo, Emily!" muttered Jack.

"Do not rely upon him; he is a broken reed," said Davis.

"Am I?" muttered Jack again. "I'll let you know, my dear, in a minute or two."

"Mr. Davis," said Emily, "I have always believed you to be a gentleman. Why do you act in this extraordinary manner?"

"Because I love you, and I mean to have a kiss," he replied.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I am helpless and defenseless, yet I have the weapons nature gave me, and if you dare to touch me with your little finger even, I will bite and scratch!"

"Bravo, Emily!" whispered Jack, a second time.

"By heaven!" replied Davis, "you are very lovely. I will have a kiss, if I dare for it."

He helped himself to some wine—several decanters were standing on the table—and approached her with an amorous look on his face.

"Help!—help!" cried Emily, as his arm encircled her waist. "Help! Oh, Jack, why are you not here to protect me?"

There was a sound of feet in the passage.

A heavy body rushed toward Davis, a fist clenched so firmly that it resembled iron, was dashed into his face, and he fell on the floor stunned.

The next moment Jack held Emily in his arms, and was covering her lips with kisses.

"I thought you wouldn't come, Jack, dear," she murmured.

"Just in time," replied Jack.

Harvey and Monday were busily engaged in tying Davis's hands and legs.

Having done this, Harvey exclaimed:

"What shall we do with him?"

"Have you to let him fast?" asked Jack.

"Yes."

"He can't wriggle out?"

"If he does, I'll forgive him," replied Harvey.

"Then chuck him under the sofa like a hundred of coals, and let him lie there for a bit. I've got a new idea for punishing him, but it will keep a little while. What have you got in those bottles?"

Harvey examined the bottles on the table and replied:

"All sorts."

"Open some champagne; I'll have a lash of something to celebrate this victory," exclaimed Jack.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### TAR AND FEATHERS.

HARVEY contemptuously rolled Frank Davis under the sofa, where he lay as still as a mouse, either being really stunned by Jack's sledge-hammer blow or pretending to be so.

Not a sound escaped him in reality.

"It was fortunate you came when you did," said Emily. "I can't tell you how thankful I am."

"You must thank Monday," replied Jack.

Monday was grinning with delight.

He presented a singular sight, covered with bandages as he was.

"Is he hurt, or are his clothes torn?" asked Emily.

"It isn't clothes; it's bandages," replied Jack. "Tell the lady all about it. What are you grinning at, you old mummy?"

Monday complied with this request, and Emily thanked him very much for his bravery.

And Emily Jack jumped up from the sofa with a yell.

"What's the row?" said Harvey.

"Something's bitten me in the calf of the leg, and made its teeth meet," replied Jack. "Have you any dogs here, Emily?"

"I have seen none," she answered.

He looked under the sofa and found that Davis had rolled over, and so been able to bite him.

"You brute," exclaimed Jack. "If you weren't bound hard and fast, upon my word I could kick you in the face. Why didn't you fasten him up better, Dick?"

"I thought I had," replied Harvey. "It was my impression he couldn't wriggle a little bit."

"Bring him out and put him into the middle of the room," exclaimed Jack.

Harvey handed him out, and Davis looked up in Harkaway's eyes with a marked expression of gratified malignity.

"I shan't care if I had been bitten by a decent sort of man," said Jack. "This cad may poison the flesh or something. Perhaps he's been eating moldy victuals."

Harvey laughed.

"He's not as bad as that," he said.

"When are we going home?" asked Emily.

"Presently, my dear," answered Jack. "I have a carriage waiting outside. But first of all I must settle accounts with this cur here."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"You'll see if you live long enough," said Jack; adding, "Monday!"

"Yes, sare," replied the black.

"Go into the yard, and see if you can find a barrel of tar."

"Tar?" exclaimed Emily. "What's that for?"

"Don't ask any questions," answered Jack. "He's a good girl, and you'll see what you will see."

"There generally is tar about a country place to do up the palings with," said Harvey.

"Of course," answered Jack. "When you have found it, bring it in here."

"Yes, sare," replied Monday.

"What am I to do?" asked Harvey.

"Go into the yard and get a couple of geese or half a dozen fowl, and bring them here."

"Are you going to have a feed?"

"Never mind; do as I tell you. Off you go—both of you," said Jack.

Monday and Harvey started together, and were gone nearly half an hour.

Jack put his arm around Emily's waist, and looking at Davis, said:

"You wanted a kiss, just now, from the best girl that ever lived?"

Davis made no answer.

Jack got up and kicked him in the ribs.

"Answer when you are spoken to, or it will be the worse for you," he exclaimed.

"If I did, what then?" asked Davis, with some of his independent manner.

"Just this; see me kiss her. That's all, old boy. That's your share."

Jack drew Emily to him as he spoke, and she let her head fall on his breast while he bent down and kissed her as he pleased.

When he had done, he said:

"How do you like that? Nice, isn't it, Mr. Cowardly Davis?"

Davis groaned.

If he could have got at Jack he would have killed him then and there, regardless of consequences.

Harvey came in first with two fine geese, a turkey and three hens, which he had surprised in the hen house; and killed by wringing their necks.

"There they are," he said.

"Chuck them down," replied Jack.

"What am I to do?" inquired Emily, with a smile.

"Help Harvey to pluck them, and throw the feathers in a heap on the floor."

"Oh! what a mess it will make on this beautiful carpet," she exclaimed.

"Never mind that. I think I shall burn the house down before I go."

"Oh, Jack!"

"You needn't say 'Oh, Jack!' as if I were going to jump down your throat," said Jack, laughing. "Get to work instantly, miss."

Presently Monday returned, lugging a small barrel of tar with him.

Jack went to Davis, and putting him on a chair, took a knife out of his pocket and stood over him.

"Don't kill me," whined Davis, who thought his last hour had come.

"No fear," answered Jack; "I know a trick worth two of killing you."

He began to cut away his clothes until he was naked to the waist.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Davis, who was puzzled at all these preparations.

"You'll know all in good time," answered Jack, who added: "Monday, as I tar him you throw feathers on him."

Monday grinned all over his face.

Jack took up a turkey's wing, and dipping it in the tar, smeared Davis all over with the sticky stuff.

Monday threw handful after handful of feathers over him, and he began gradually to take the appearance of a feathered creature.

Jack left his face unsmearing, so that people might know him, but he feathered his hair and covered him in a most artistic manner.

Frank Davis's rage knew no bounds.

He swore, raved and threatened them all with the severest penalties of the law.

"Don't you talk about law, my hearty," returned Jack. "You have carried off a young lady, tried to have me stabbed, and endeavored to worry with your dog a poor inoffensive fellow you saw on the road. Law, indeed! I'll give you enough law, if you want it."

When he was thoroughly tarred and feathered, Jack said:

"Now we are ready to start. Come along, Emily; take my arm. Jack, see to the lady."

Harvey touched Davis on the leg and exclaimed:

"Get up."

Davis refused to move.

"Won't he?" said Harvey.

"Won't he?" replied Jack. "Emily, give me a pin."

She handed him one, which Jack stuck into Frank Davis's thigh.

He sprang up in a moment with a cry of pain.

"Found your legs, have you, old fellow? Thought you would," laughed Jack.

Davis had his legs untied, and walked by Harvey's side, his arms being fastened behind his back.

They all went to the carriage, which was waiting for them in the road, and getting in were driven to the city.

Davis was unable to sit by himself in the front seat, Harvey standing over him.

Monday got on the box, and Jack and Emily sat side by side.

When they reached Singapore it was early morning.

Under the tropics people get up early and sleep in the middle of the day, when the sun is fiercest.

Consequently the city was astir.

When the principal street was reached, Jack stopped the carriage near the market place, and told Davis to get out.

"Get out here?" he exclaimed, with horror.

"Yes; out you go—immediately, if not sooner. Stir your stumps," answered Jack.

Reluctantly Davis descended the steps and stood in the street.

He presented a strange spectacle.

Half naked, half blind.

When the people in the street saw him they set up a great shout.

"Go on," said Jack; "cut along, or I shall stick a pin into you again."

Davis knew the locality very well, and his father's offices were not far off, so that he decided to run as fast as he could through the streets.

He ran a short, but could not go very quickly, owing to his legs being tied behind his back.

"Mum, women and children howled at him and threw any object that came handiest, and it was only when he had exhausted that he reached a haven of refuge.

"That will teach him a lesson," said Jack, laughing heartily.

"I should think so," replied Harvey. "He will be a week getting the tar and feathers off."

"What are they, Emily?" exclaimed Jack; don't you be laughing at him."

"I will tell you very good care I am not," replied Emily; "but I have seen dear Jack and you too, Monday, that I shall never forget, and I shall never forgive you."

"What has I done?" said Harvey, "that I should not be thought of?"

"Oh, you're nobody; you can go and play," replied Jack.

When they reached the hotel, they inquired for Mr. Mole.

The servant said that he had called him, but he refused to get up.

"How now?" said Jack. "perhaps Mr. Mole taken worse; he said he had a cold. I will go and see to him."



"All right," said Harvey, "I will see Monday looked after. His wounds are getting stiff."

Harvey and Monday went away together, and Jack saw Monday to her bedroom, gave her a kiss, and went to Mr. Mole.

"How do, sir?" said Jack. "We've got back the lost dove."

"Glad to hear it, Harkaway; it is more than you deserve," answered Mr. Mole, who was sitting up in bed, and he had a severe attack of influenza and fever at present.

He wore a nightcap, which he changed in a most ridiculous tassel.

"Get up, sir," said Jack, "and take a turn with me in the fresh morning air."

"No, Harkaway, I distinctly refuse," answered Mr. Mole. "I've been very much improved, but I shall not move from this bed for a month."

"What, sir, sleep for a month?" cried Jack.

"I did not say sleep, but I shall not get out of this bed for a month, and during that time you cannot play me any tricks. I have been pumped upon, and the result is a severe cold, which will keep the most careful nursing and cure."

"You've got a tile off, sir," replied Jack.

"Cease, if you please, to make vulgar allusions to the state of my mind, and leave me," said Mr. Mole.

"As you like, sir," replied Jack. "Hope you will be in a better temper when I see you again."

Mr. Mole pulled his nightcap over his eyes, and settled himself down for a second sleep.

Jack was tired and turned in, marveling at the peculiar state of mind in which he had found Mr. Mole.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### MR. MOLE GOES TO BED FOR A MONTH.

THE boys did not leave the house. Both were worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the previous night.

Monday's wound, though it was not serious, was extremely painful, and the doctor who had been called in advised that she should remain in bed for a month.

When Harvey and Jack met over their coffee, the former said:

"Where's Mole?"

"Gone to bed for a month," replied Jack.

"Go on," said Harvey. "What's the use of chaffing me?"

"I'm not chaffing. He swore last night he would not move from his bed for a month."

"I believe he does,"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know. I don't know."

"Why?"

"He's such fun. We must have him out."

"It's all very well to say 'have him out,' but how are we to do it?"

"I don't know, replied Jack, "but at least I'll look in the street."

Jack looked out of the window, and saw some jugglers who were performing with snakes, which they twined around their necks and even allowed to bite them.

"Well," said Jack, "what have those men to do with Mole?"

"I'll show you," replied Harvey.

Harvey went down stairs, and after a few minutes he came back with a small basket in his hand.

"What have you got there?" asked Jack curiously.

"A fine young cobra," answered Harvey, "which I took down from a tree; it was very tame, and I caught it."

"Isn't it poisonous?"

"It was once upon a time; but my friend told me it was now quite tame."

"I don't suppose Mole does, either. Don't you think it would jump if he found it there?"

"By Jove," cried Jack, laughing, "he'd have a fit."

"I don't know, but he will have to make acquaintance with it."

"I'll introduce the snake. It will be a lark."

"You're improving," said Jack, patting him on his head.

"I'm improving," said Jack, patting him on his head.

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"No power on earth will do it, Harkaway," answered Mr. Mole, firmly.

He threw off his dressing-gown and stood in his nightcap, looking very comical with his old-fashioned nightcap on his head.

"In my bed I am at peace," he murmured.

Turning the clothes down a little way, he crept in, and a smile of placid satisfaction stole over his features.

All at once the placid expression vanished.

He fidgeted in bed, and seemed "at ease."

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Jack.

"The slut who made this bed has left something in it. I can feel something about my legs. What the deuce is it?" exclaimed Mr. Mole, uneasily.

"Better have a look, sir. Perhaps it is a dead dog."

"Drat it!" continued Mole. "It's something alive. It keeps on moving."

He arose up and threw down the bed-clothes.

The snake had been making itself a nest to go to sleep in, and was annoyed at being disturbed in the midst of its preparations.

It coiled its tail, and sat upright, darting its forked tongue out, and emitting a sharp hiss.

"The Lord be good to me!" cried Mole, in direct terror.

"Why, it's a snake," said Harvey. "How on earth could it get there?"

"It's a deadly cobra," continued Mole. "A venomous serpent. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I wish I was well home again. Strike it, Harvey. Take it by the neck and throw it out of the window."

"Thank you, sir; I'd rather not, if it is the same to you," replied Harvey, coldly.

"Harkaway," pleaded Mr. Mole, "you are a brave boy."

"Hope so, sir."

"For goodness sake, seize the snake! It will spring upon me. Already it is fixing me with its awful eyes. Save me, Harkaway; all my worldly goods shall be yours. Save me—save me!"

"Nasty things, snakes, sir; don't like to handle them," said Jack.

Mr. Mole's terror increased every moment.

The snake did not attempt to fly at him.

It had been more than two years with the jugglers, and was used to human beings, expected to be taken up and put through its performance.

"Look," cried Mr. Mole, white with fear, "look at the venomous creature. It will dart at me, fix its fangs in my flesh, and in half an hour, I, Isaac Mole, will have ceased to exist. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!"

"Neither Harvey nor I dare touch it, sir," said Jack.

"What am I to do?" asked Mole.

"If I were you, I'd hit it. I don't know where it is, but in the room."

Finding that Mole did not attempt to handle it, the snake, which was used to human beings, thought it would commence the performance by itself.

It put itself in motion, gliding along Mr. Mole's leg, and

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In fact, his mind was so perturbed that he could scarcely think at all.

"Heaven has been good to me," he said. "I will make a vow—in olden times people, after a great enemy had been vanquished to them, used to go on a pilgrimage or a crusade. I can't go about like a pilgrim or a crusader. What shall I do, Harkaway?"

"Go to bed again, sir."

"No!" replied Mr. Mole, with a shudder. "No more bed for me in this house. I shall sleep on a sofa during the remainder of my stay here."

"About this vow, sir?"

"Ah! what shall I do to show my gratitude for my preservation from that poisonous reptile? I will never pass a blind man without giving him a shilling. There, Harkaway, what do you think of that?"

"Make it a bet, sir; a tanner's man, and I will look shabby."

"A shilling be it, then. But what are you doing there?" said Mr. Mole.

"Opening a case of wine, sir."

"Wine?"

"Yes. It is just come. It is directed to 'Mr. Harkaway, with Captain Hammond's compliments.'"

"Ah! something very choice, I dare say," said Mr. Mole, smacking his lips. "Just what I want to revive me after my trials. Pour me out a tumblerful. I will taste it, Harkaway."

"All right," said Jack. "You shall have the first swig."

He drew out a bottle from the case, and, removing the cork, poured out a tumblerful, which he handed to Mr. Mole.

The latter drank it at a draught.

"What do you think of it?" asked Jack.

"Not bad—not bad, by any means; but it's a funny tasting stuff and leaves a burning in the mouth," said Mr. Mole.

"Your mouth is out of taste, sir."

"What's that?" inquired Captain Hammond, who had just finished listening to Harvey's relation of the trick of which Mr. Mole was the victim.

"We have supped your wine, captain," said Jack.

"My wine?" repeated Hammond, in surprise.

"Yes; the wine you sent me just now, and for which I have not had an opportunity to thank you before now."

"My dear fellow, there must be some mistake," said Captain Hammond.

"How?" inquired Jack.

"I sent you no wine."

"Look at the direction on the case," said Jack. "Here it is, as plain as a pike-staff: 'Mr. Harkaway, with Captain Hammond's compliments.'"

The captain looked carefully at the label.

"Yes; you are right so far," he said; "but still I'll swear I sent you no wine, neither is that direction in my handwriting."

Jack had noticed Mr. Mole's tumbler, and was going to drink, when the captain said:

"I don't touch it, my lad. There is something wrong here."

Jack regarded him with a look in which both Harvey and Mr. Mole shared.

What low danger or mystery threatened them?

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### MR. MOLE TEACHERY.

THE captain was so sure that he had not sent the boys the wine, and Mr. Mole became distressed at having drunk it.

"It seems to me," said the captain, "that this direction on the case is in Mr. Mole's writing."

"My own, sir," replied Jack.

"Yes, indeed; we have heard at the club all about your trick and how you got it, and then you come here and say it's not yours."

"It is the handwriting of a school-boy."

"Why, then, should he have come here, and send me a case of wine?" asked Jack.

"I don't know, but let us go and see a dog and try the experiment of him."

"No need to do that," said Jack; "Mr. Mole has drunk half a tumblerful—what's the matter with him?"

Mr. Mole had fallen in a chair, and was putting both hands to his forehead in pain.

"Get the doctor, sir," said Jack.

"I'm very bad. I am a school-boy," replied Mr. Mole, groaning. "Send for a doctor. Get a stomach-pump."

"Good idea, stomach-pump," said Jack. "R. J. Jack, send for a doctor. I shall see to it."

Mr. Mole sank from the chair to the floor and writhed in a most extraordinary way, and he was sent for the doctor.

"I'm poisoned," he said. "I'm very much poisoned. Oh, Lord! what a time they are getting that pump!"

The captain and Jack went to the door and saw the symptoms displayed by Mr. Mole.

"There is no doubt that he is very much poisoned, and that the doctor will have to pump him."

It was a great relief when at last the doctor arrived with the stomach-pump, which was immediately applied.

Harvey and Jack were both very much amused at the sight of Mr. Mole being pumped.

"I don't know what the doctor will do with him," said Jack.

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"He is beyond human aid. Allow me to give you the card of an undertaker. In this climate the body must be buried to-morrow morning."

"I'm flummoxed," said Jack. "This is severe. It's cut me up more than anything."

Seeing he could do no more, the doctor retired."

Jack had Mr. Mole put on his bed and covered with a sheet.

The captain went to communicate with the police of the town, who said that the evidence against Davis was not strong enough to warrant his arrest.

In fact Davis's father was so great a man in the town, that they were afraid of attacking him.

Both Harkaway and Harvey were much shocked, and Emily joined in their grief.

They had narrowly escaped a sudden death themselves.

"It's an awful grief, just now," remarked Jack, "when our troubles are nearly over."

"He wasn't a bad sort," said Harvey, "and it makes me mad to think that the poor beggar, who had done nothing, should suffer through our rows."

"I've a good mind to have him embalmed, and take him back to England in a glass case," said Jack.

"Better bury him. You be chief mourner," replied Harvey.

"No. I should like to have him mummified. There are always embalmers in these countries; we must inquire for one," persisted Jack.

Emily laughed.

"I am ashamed of you, Emmy," said Jack, putting on a severe look. "Come here and give me a kiss, by way of doing penance, at once."

"If you want one, you can come and take it," she said coquettishly, adding:

"I know it is a very dreadful thing to laugh at a time like this, but the idea of poor dear Mr. Mole being made into a mummy is so funny."

"So it is, when you come to think of it," observed Harvey.

"I don't see it," replied Jack. "Mole, in a glass case, looking as large as life, with a suitable epitaph, would be highly edifying. Suppose we were to say:

"This is the mummified Mole,  
Who was a jolly old soul."

"Give us another rhyme, Dick."

"Let the bell toll for poor old Mole,"

replied Harvey.

"That's better. Go on," exclaimed Jack, encouragingly.

"He wasn't worth a farden,  
Till he got his tea-garden."

"That's bad. You began well, as you generally do, but you always fall off," Jack exclaimed.

"If you can't make a better epitaph than that you ought to give up the attempt," said Emily; "and I think your trying to do so is much more disgraceful than my laughing."

"We don't mean anything, Emmy," replied Jack. "If I wasn't to talk and chaff a little, I should cry. You don't know how this has cut me."

"I can say ditto to that," remarked Harvey. "It's entirely erabbed any pleasure I feel in going back to England."

They became grave after this, and it soon was time to rest.

Early the next morning they were astir, and the first visitor at the hotel was the undertaker, who was a Dutchman, unable to speak a word of English.

Jack looked at his card and read "Mynheer Van Clootz," and seeing the word "undertaker" in English, divined the motive of his visit, and sadly led the way upstairs.

"An assistant followed with a coffin, which was placed on the floor."

Mr. Mole was then perfectly rigid and motionless, and taking him up in his arms, Mynheer Van Clootz laid him down in the coffin.

As it happened he did not quite fit.

It was necessary to bend the legs a little to make them come in, and this Mynheer Van Clootz proceeded to do with some force.

Jack had turned to the window, and was wiping away the tears as they chased one another down his face.

Suddenly he heard a noise, and Mynheer Van Clootz, uttering strange cries in his own sweet native tongue, ran past him.

Turning to the coffin, Jack saw Mr. Mole sitting up, and looking curiously around him.

"Harkaway," said Mr. Mole, "I have overslept myself, and the bed feels hard. What have you got for breakfast. My stomach is strangely empty."

Jack could understand this when he recollected how the doctor had worked the pump the night before.

His surprise at seeing Mr. Mole alive was immense, but his joy equaled his astonishment.

The Dutchman and his assistant were so frightened that they did not stop until they reached their place of business, for they thought they had seen a ghost.

"Where am I," continued Mr. Mole, looking around him; "and what have I been doing?"

His mind was so confused that he could not recollect anything.

"You have been on a visit to another land, sir, and I'm very glad they let you come back again," said Jack.

"Let me see I drank that wine—I was ill—the doctor came—I got worse, and I suppose you thought me dead."

"That we did, sir."

"I must have fallen into a trance. The stomach-pump saved my life, but the effect of the poison was to send me into a deep sleep. What is this? A coffin? Bless my soul! I have had a narrower escape than I thought."

"You would have been screwed down in another five minutes, sir," said Jack. "The cold meat box was ready, and things won't keep in this climate."

A shudder ran through Mr. Mole as he extricated himself from the coffin and threw off the ghastly ceremonies of the grave.

"I say, sir," exclaimed Jack, "have a lark with Harvey."

"In what way, may I ask?"

"Go into our sitting-room, and frighten him into fits. If Emily is there, I will prepare her for your resurrection."

"Upon my word, Harkaway, I do not think I ought to lend myself to such an imposture," said Mr. Mole, with a grim smile.

"Just for fun, sir."

"And, moreover, I am physically incompetent. I am consumed with a burning thirst, and my unhappy stomach is as empty as a drum."

"It shall be filled, sir, without delay. Tog yourself up a bit, and in ten minutes come down stairs. I will order a cold collation—champagne and cold fowl, or something, and if we don't give Dick fits, I'm not all there."

"Very well. On that understanding, I fall in with your views; but I will first offer up a thanksgiving for my deliverance from the grave."

"Perhaps you are reserved for a different fate, sir. Water won't drown you, poison don't hurt you, savages won't eat you, snakes won't bite you, and two wives only make you grow fat and saucy."

"Do you mean to imply that I was born to be hanged, Harkaway?" asked Mr. Mole.

"No, sir, we won't say that; we will say that you were born to be elevated. Don't rile, sir. Don't shy your coffin at me. I'm not strong, and mother says I'm not to be hurt," exclaimed Jack, laughing, as he ran from the room.

"What a boy that is," remarked Mr. Mole, as he poured some water into the basin and washed his face and hands. "But I do think he is pleased to see me alive. What an escape I have had, to be sure!"

Jack's first care was to order the banquet, as he called it, and to see the best spread that could be got ready at a moment's notice was sent upstairs.

The food and Jack entered the room together, and Harvey exclaimed:

"What, grubbling again? You have only just had your breakfast. What a fellow you are to gorge! Have you seen the decent thing done by poor old Mole?"

"Yes; he's screwed down as tight as wax."

"How did he look?"

"Fine. I never felt so queer in my life as when I took my last look at him," said Jack.

"I couldn't do it," exclaimed Harvey. "I tried to screw my courage up, but it was no good at all. You've more pluck than I have."

"Of course. You're not in the hunt with me."

Harvey wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

"Hallo!" replied Jack; "why those weeps? You're doing the briny, old woman."

"And I'm not ashamed of it. If any one would bring old Mole to life, I'd ———"

Harvey hesitated.

"What would you do?" asked Jack.

"I'd stand on my head in a corner till dinner time, hang me if I wouldn't," replied Harvey at a loss how to express the gratitude he would feel in the event of such an improbable occurrence taking place.

"Jack smiled quietly, and drawing Emily to one side, whispered to her:

"Don't be frightened. Mole isn't dead. It was only a trance. I want to startle Dick; do you twig?"

Emily looked astonished and made no reply, though she intimated by a significant look that she understood him.

Going back to the table, Jack drank some iced water and exclaimed:

"Perhaps Mole's ghost will favor you with a visit some of these fine nights, Master Dick."

"And if it did do you think I should care? I've seen too many things in my time to be frightened easily," replied Dick.

"Wouldn't anything frighten you?"

"No. I don't believe any mortal thing would, after the course of Pisang I have been put through," replied Harvey, boldly.

At this moment Mole entered the room.

He looked gravely, almost threateningly, at Harvey, who trembled violently, and showed symptoms of being startled, if not really frightened.

"It—it's Mole!" he stammered.

Mr. Mole raised his arm, and Harvey ahrank back into a corner.

"Jack," he cried, "what is it?"

"What's what?" replied Jack, rather ungrammatically.

"Why this—this thing."

"I can't see anything," answered Jack.

"Not see anything? Then it's a ghost. It's Mole's spirit. What shall I do?"

"Get under the table," suggested Jack.

Thoroughly terrified, Harvey crept under the table and laid still, until a hearty laugh fell upon his ears.

He got out of his undignified position and beheld Mr. Mole eating salmon steak, done to a turn, as fast as he could.

"Ghosts don't eat!" he exclaimed.

"Any fool knows that," replied Jack.

"Then it's no ghost."

"Touch him and see. He's tucking in a good un," continued Jack. "Thought you said nothing could frighten you, eh, Dick?"

Harvey looked crestfallen; but he was not yet satisfied, and walking up to Mr. Mole, said:

"Is it really you, sir?"

"Yes, Harvey, I am the sleeper awakened. Pour some of that iced hock into the goblet," replied Mr. Mole, "you may be cup-bearer."

Harvey did so, and remarked:

"I am delighted to see you again, sir; but I must admit I was considerably knocked off my perch at first, although I wasn't really frightened."

"Now, Dick, that won't do. It's a clumsy get off," exclaimed Jack, laughing.

"No more I was."

"You know you were in a dismal fright."

"I wasn't. It was only a slight shock, that's all. I knew it was Mole all along."

Emily approached Jack, and said in a low tone:

"I fancy I can see some one listening at the half-open door."

"Nonsense!" replied Jack.

"I'm almost certain," she persisted.

"Hold hard," said Jack; "I'll soon unearth the fox. Wonder who it is?"

He approached the door on tiptoe.

"Oh, be careful, Jack?" said Emily.

He nodded, and prepared himself for a struggle.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

FRANK DAVIS HAS HIS EAR NAILED TO THE DOOR.

THE next minute Jack bounded over the threshold. A man who was in reality listening at the door, tried to escape.

Jack seized him in his powerful grasp.

There was a short, sharp struggle.

Presently he reappeared, dragging the listener in triumph into the room.

A glance sufficed to show that he had captured his enemy, Frank Davis, though how he came in his peculiar position, or what his motive was, he had yet to find out.

"So, Mr. Davis, you add listening at doors to your other accomplishments," said Jack, holding him down.

Davis looked sheepishly around.

"I came to pay you a visit," he said, "to explain, or rather, to demand an explanation."

"Why did you not send your name up like a gentleman?"

"I did not consider it necessary."

"You were anxious, I suppose, to know if we were all dead, but you see we are alive and kicking," said Jack.

"I have heard something about some poisoned wine being sent to you. Though why you should accuse me of the crime I don't know."

"We have our reasons."

"Ever since you have been in Singapore," cried Davis, "you have persecuted me. First of all, you knock me into the harbor; then you break into my house and cover me with tar and feathers; now you assault me in an infamous manner. What is the reason of it?"

"It's all very well to put on a face of injured innocence," replied Jack; "but as I said, we have our reasons."

"What are they?"

"Did you not insult me?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Davis. "Let me go up, please."

"Get up, if you like; but if you stir without any permission, when you are on your pins, it will not be well for you."

Davis arose, and shook himself.

"Now, answer my question," continued Jack. "Did you not hire a man to stab me?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you, or did you not, carry off Emily?"

"I was wrong there, I admit; but I offer a most handsome apology to the young lady," replied Davis, sheepishly.

"Did you not send me a present of poisoned wine, which might have killed the lot of us, and very nearly settled Mr. Mole's goose as it was?"

"No, I deny that."

"Were you not listening at the door to hear what our suspicions about you were?" pursued Jack.

"I repeat," replied Davis, "that I came to demand an explanation of your conduct, which I hold that I have a right to do."

"It will be the best for you to clear out of Singapore as soon as you can, or I shall insist upon the authorities arresting you," replied Jack.

"That you can do as you like about," said Davis, with his accustomed insolence. Do you still refuse me an explanation?"

"You cowardly humbug!" cried Jack; you will see directly what I will do with you. Dick, go and get me a hammer and a long nail."

Harvey ran down stairs at once, and soon returned with what he had been sent for.

"Now," cried Jack, "hold this cur up against the door."

Harvey seized the unfortunate Davis and pushed him up against the edge of the door.

Jack approached with the nail and hammer.

"In heaven's name, what new outrage am I to be subjected to?" cried Davis.

He was watching the preparations in dismay.

"You needn't howl before you're hurt," replied Jack.

"Miss Emily," replied Davis, "you are a lady; intercede for me."

Emily remained silent.

"Mr. Mole," exclaimed Davis.

"Sir to you," replied Mr. Mole, with his mouth full.

"Save me from this treatment; I am a gentleman."

"Pity you don't behave as such, answered Mr. Mole.

"I cannot help you. People who send other people poisoned wine, and subject them to the exhaustive action of the stomach-pump, deserve no mercy at my hands."

"Hold him tight, Dick," exclaimed Jack.

When Davis' right ear was close to the door, Jack put the nail against it.

A sharp blow from the hammer forced the nail through the cartilage, another sent the iron into the door, a third made it fast; and Davis had his ear nailed to the wood-work.

A sharp cry of mingled pain and rage broke from him.

"You shall repent of this!" he screamed.

"That is how we serve fellows that listen at doors," remarked Jack, surveying him complacently.

"It just serves him right," observed Harvey; adding, "what a fool he looks."

"So would you look a fool, under the circumstances," replied Jack.



"Don't keep him long like that," said Emily, whose tender heart felt for him.

"I shall," answered Jack. "We are all going out for a walk when Mr. Mole's done pitching in, and he will have to stop where he is till somebody finds him, unless he likes to bolt and leave his ear behind him."

"I am just getting my second wind," said Mr. Mole, attacking a larded capon.

"Don't hurry, sir; the performance is not yet over. Come here, Emily."

"What for, Jack?"

"To stick pins into him. Come along. Stick them in anywhere soft, and make him hallo again, like the cur he is."

"This behavior is worthy only of savages," protested Davis.

"How about the poisoned wine and abduction?" asked Jack. "Is that civilized?"

"I am sure Miss Emily is too much of a lady to torture me," continued Davis.

"She will have to do what she is told. You come and prick him, Emily, or there will be a row in the house."

Emily hesitated.

"Let him off, Jack, dear; you have punished him enough," she said.

"This is mutiny in the camp; but I suppose I must, if you ask me, my pet," replied Jack. "Put on your sun hat, and let us go out. I can't breathe while I am in the room with this fellow."

Davis presented at once a painful and a ridiculous figure, nailed by the ear, as he was, to the door post. His face was distorted with rage.

"Look here, Mr. Harkaway," he exclaimed.

"What now?" asked Jack.

"You sail in a day or two for England, and you may think that you will escape me."

"I ain't afraid of you. Now I know what you are and what your game is, I shall be on my guard."

"Never mind; listen to what I have to say. I, too, am going to England to complete my education at a university."

"I daresay it requires it," sneered Jack.

"Mark my words, we shall meet again."

"I hope not."

"But I say we shall," replied Davis.

"Well, there is one comfort, England isn't Singapore; and if you try any of your poisonous dodges on there, you will find yourself in the wrong box."

"You hope to marry Emily," continued Davis.

"That's my business," replied Jack, flushing.

"I tell you she shall never be your wife. Never—never—as long as I live."

Jack stared at him in amazement.

"You're a nice sort of fellow," he said. "What do you mean by threatening me?"

"I speak the truth, and you will find that making an enemy of me was the worst day's work you ever did," answered Davis, vindictively.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew the door to with great violence.

A horrible cry broke from Davis, who was forced outside.

Dismal yells were heard in the corridor.

"By Jove!" said Harvey, "he's left his ear behind him."

"Has he? I didn't mean that," exclaimed Jack.

He opened the door, and there, on the post, was the unfortunate man's ear, literally torn from his head.

They could see nothing of Davis.

The fact was that, mad with pain and rage, he had run away, holding his handkerchief to his head, to seek for medical assistance.

"Blow me tight," said Jack, "that's a funny thing. He's a settled member now. I'm sorry for it, though."

"You have two enemies, Hunston and Davis," said Harvey.

"The first is one-armed, and the second one-eared."

"Can't help spotting them in a crowd, then."

"Not much."

"I didn't mean to wrench his ear off," observed Jack, "though he deserves it for what he has done to us."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Mole, throwing himself back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Mr. Davis has bolted, sir, and left his ear behind him."

"Left his ear! Ha—ha! You're joking."

"I'm not. There it is on the door-post," replied Jack.

"Dear, dear! What a strange proceeding. Poor fellow! Well, I had no hand in it, that's one comfort, though I hope you won't get into trouble for pulling people's ears off."

"It was an accident. I nailed him up, but I didn't make the door blow to."

"It came as punishment to him. He was cursing like a pagan," observed Harvey.

"Can't be helped," said Jack. "Have you fed, sir?"

"Well, Harkaway, very well," answered Mr. Mole; "the inner man is comforted, and Isaac's himself once more. I shall now be glad to join you in a drive—say a drive, for a walk I cannot, with all the luggage I have taken on board."

"We must not let Emily see this," replied Jack. "I'll undo the ear, and you can swab the claret with the table cloth, Dick."

The blood was quickly wiped up, and Jack unfastened the ear, which he wrapped in a piece of paper with ghastly precision.

"What shall we do with the lug?" he asked.

A waiter solved the difficulty by coming in and saying: "Mr. Davis has sent for his ear, sir."

In spite of the horror of the whole thing, Jack could not help smiling.

"Here it is in the paper," he replied; "give it to his messenger with my compliments."

The servant, who was an American, and who had seen a little shooting and bowie-knifing, did not seem in the least surprised.

One man had glared another's eye out in a bar, and

then thrown it at him; so that acts of violence were nothing new to his experience.

"That's done with," said Harvey; "wonder if they can stick it on."

"Not they," replied Jack.

"Funny idea, a cove sending for his ear."

"Very. Wasn't my answer studiously polite?" asked Jack.

"Quite O. K. He's nothing to grumble at," replied Harvey.

They went for a drive, and Jack could not help wondering if he should meet with Frank Davis in England.

If Hunston made his way back, and Davis really went to England, he would have two determined enemies to contend with.

"I don't care," he murmured in his dare-devil way; "one's only got one arm, and the other's minus an ear. What is the good of a man with one ear? Let them rip, they can't hurt me."

During the remainder of their stay at Singapore, which was very brief, they neither saw nor heard anything more of Frank Davis.

When word was brought them that the steamer was ready to sail for Europe, they were all delighted, especially Emily and Mr. Mole.

While he was residing in Singapore, Jack had made a wonderful collection of savage guns, bows, spears, and all sorts of things he thought would be interesting to the good folks at home.

Six boxes, or rather packing cases, were filled with curiosities of savage and tropical life.

He had enough to start a museum.

And with all this he had a supply of live stock, including monkeys, parrots, and even a snake or two.

When he wrote home, he spoke in the most affectionate terms of Emily.

He wanted to make sure of a warm welcome for the poor orphan whom he loved so fondly.

She had no one but him to look to now.

He was her only hope.

Her only friend.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### HOME AGAIN.

LUGGAGE was not a consideration to the travelers. All they possessed they had bought at Singapore.

Monday had attired himself in canvas shirt, trousers and jacket, with a straw hat.

Harvey said he looked a very intelligent and decent nigger, indeed.

They went on board of the steamer, and made a rapid passage to London, without encountering any accident.

"This was a wonder," Jack remarked, considering he was on board.

Harvey went to his father's house in the suburbs.

Mr. Mole took up his abode at a hotel.

Jack and Emily, with Monday, went by train to Mr. Bedington's house.

They were not unexpected, because the boys had telegraphed from Singapore, informing them of their safety and their probable speedy arrival.

It was a lovely evening in autumn as the fly drove up to the house.

Emily's heart beat quicker than Jack's.

"If your friends should not be kind to me she said, 'I shall die.'"

Jack pressed her hand.

"Do not fear on that account," he said softly.

In a few minutes he was shaking his father by the hand, and being kissed by his mother.

"My boy, my darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Bedington, "we never expected to see you again. What perils you must have gone through."

"A few, mother," replied Jack, "I shall astonish you when I tell you some stories."

"So you have had enough of the sea, John?" observed his father.

"Enough and to spare," answered Jack.

Emily remained timidly in the background.

"But," replied Mrs. Bedington, "where is little Emily, of whom you spoke in your letter which came overland from Aden?"

"Emmy, where are you?" cried Jack.

Emily stepped forward.

"My dear child," continued Mrs. Bedington, "in future you are to be my daughter. We are not strangers, you know, for we have met before."

Emily sobbed on her shoulder.

"Bless me! what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Bedington.

He saw something black, with white gleaming teeth, in the passage.

"That's my tame nigger," said Jack.

"Your what?" said his mother.

"Only Monday. It's the cheese where I've been to start a private nigger."

"Step forward, Monday, and let's have a look at you," said Mr. Bedington.

Monday came forward, bowing profoundly.

"He saved my life, mother, more than once," remarked Jack.

"That is enough," dear, to secure him a home beneath this roof."

"Monday, mum, do um work for Mast' Jack, but he no wait 'pon other peoples," said the black, drawing himself up.

"He's a king in his own country, and gave up a throne to stick to me," said Jack.

"What a wonderful instance of fidelity!" replied Mrs. Bedington.

"It's true, mother. I'm not cramming you."

"I didn't say you were, John. Have you anything else?"

"Yes; lots of things."

"Any monkeys, parrots, vegetable productions; all the Fauna and Flora of the distant land you have visited?"

"I think you will find I have a very neat collection indeed, mother," replied Jack.

Monday was sent to the servants' hall, and was as much an object of amusement to the inmates as they were to him.

Mrs. Bedington and Emily retired upstairs to talk at their ease, while Mr. Bedington and Jack took a turn, arm-in-arm, in the garden.

It may be readily imagined that some wonderful stories were related that night.

Jack and Emily were the lion and lioness of the evening.

In a few days friends came from all parts to see them.

Mr. Crawcour and his masters were among the visitors.

Everyone listened breathlessly to tales of Limbians and Pisangs, of desert islands and volcanoes, of pirates and dungeons.

All concurred in detestation of Hunston.

It was hoped that he had perished in the pirate city.

Jack had his doubts.

When questioned upon the subject, he would say: "The beggar has nine lives. I daresay he will turn up again some day."

For a fortnight the time passed very pleasantly.

Jack rode his father's best horse, and drove Emily out in his mother's pony carriage.

Monday accompanied them on all occasions, as groom or personal attendant.

After awhile Mr. Bedington called Jack into his study.

"Have you had enough of sea," he asked, "or do you still want to follow it as a profession?"

"No," replied Jack; "I don't."

"Now, the question is, what would you like to be?"

"A soldier," replied Jack. "Buy me a commission in the army."

"I have no objection to that, but don't you think you would be all the better for a year or two at the university?" replied Mr. Bedington.

"Just what I should like."

"We wish to study your happiness," answered Mr. Bedington. "Now which university would you like to go to?"

"Oxford; it is more swell than Cambridge," replied Jack.

Mr. Bedington smiled.

"Very well, to Oxford you shall go."

"Thank you very much," replied Jack. "May I ask you another favor?"

"Certainly."

"You are well off."

"Yes."

"My friend Harvey's parents are poor. He was my friend during my troubles with the savages, and he has often told me it would make a man of him if he could go to Oxford."

"Well?" replied Mr. Bedington.

"Will you pay for him too? I should like to have him up at Oxford with me."

"Yes," replied Mr. Bedington.

Jack was overjoyed at this concession.

It was settled that he and Harvey should go to Oxford.

Emily went away to Paris to finish her education.

Jack and Harvey had a private tutor at Mr. Bedington's, who in a short time prepared them for their examination.

This they passed with flying colors.

At the commencement of the term they were to take up their residence at college.

We shall now introduce to our readers the career of Jack Harkaway at Oxford.

We trust they will follow him with as much interest, and may we hope, pleasure, as they have hitherto been kind enough to do.

Life at Oxford presents temptations and trials, adventures and triumphs, of all of which it will be found that our old friend Jack Harkaway had his full share, and bore himself bravely through everything.

[To be continued in WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY, No. 1229, entitled "Jack Harkaway at Oxford."]

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